JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 1, 1936

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIX.
1546.

THE BELOVED KING: MEMENTO FOR EVERY READER SEE CENTRE PAGES

JOHN BULL

Why 'Ovaltine'

is unequalled for

ECONOMY

A small tin of 'Ovaltine' costing 1/1d makes 16 cupfuls of delicious 'Ovaltine'—the World's Supreme Food Beverage

It gives you the *Highest Possible Quality* at the *Lowest Possible Price*

FROM every point of view, 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage you can buy. It gives you ***more*** health-giving nourishment—***more*** in quality and ***more*** in quantity.

'Ovaltine' gives you more health-giving nourishment because it is a scientifically perfect food. No other food beverage conveys such a wealth of nourishment so quickly to body, brain and nerves. The ingredients of 'Ovaltine' are ***milk*** plus ***malt*** plus EGGS. New-laid eggs are liberally used because they are rich in valuable nerve-building properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without the liberal use of eggs.

'Ovaltine' gives you more in Quality because the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to exceptional lengths to obtain the finest ingredients. The 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms were established to set the highest standards of quality for the milk and eggs. The malt extract is specially prepared from the finest home-grown barley—there is none better.

'Ovaltine' gives you more in Quantity because of the larger tins and the concentrated nature of 'Ovaltine.' For example, the small tin of 'Ovaltine' contains sufficient to make 16 cupfuls. The larger tins of 'Ovaltine' are even more economical.

Even when you make 'Ovaltine' entirely with milk it is still the most economical food beverage. This is due to the high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity you need to use. ***Quality always tells.***

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P.206a.

HOW TO MAKE £ POUNDS PRINT

A FREE BOOK
That shows how YOU can
MAKE MONEY
WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE!
NO OBLIGATION.

New ADANA High-Speed
1936 Automatic Printing Machine
constructed on sound engineering lines, with Standard Printers' Type and all Accessories also Fully Illustrated Instruction Book, ready to start making money easily right away for a
VERY SMALL OUTLAY
Thousands have built big businesses with an Adana. A postcard will bring illustrated particulars, samples of work also this New Wonderful Book.

EASY TERMS

D. A. ADANA.
(J79) 17/18 Church St. Twickenham
London Depot—Ludgate House, Fleet St., E.C.4
Manchester Depot—60, Oldham Street.

Gift Cheque for Every Reader
GREAT 1936 SURPRISE · THOUSANDS OF £££'s TO BE DISTRIBUTED

STUPENDOUS! MUNIFICENT!! Only these two words can sum up this amazing triple gift offer to you—the greatest, most generous and worthy gift offer ever made in "John Bull's" "Shop Window." Act now and by return you will receive a 10/6 gift cheque, and in addition something equally as valuable —a genuine Aircraft Chronograph Lever Watch with silver plated pocket chain. Think what half a guinea would go towards buying for yourself or for the home! Our catalogue, a copy of which you will receive is crammed full of suggestions, and shows how to get the utmost value for your 10/6 gift cheque, which can be used at any time as directed. This gigantic distribution is solely to advertise Aircraft Products; but in order to prevent the indiscriminate sending of gift cheques and free Watches and Chains you are merely asked to buy these 1/- packets of our famous 100% Sheffield Double-Life 3-hole type super edge Razor Blades (equal to any fourpenny blade), 12 Blades in each packet (48 Blades in all), total price 2/6, including postage. Remind that there is nothing else to buy and no further obligation rests upon you. A special staff has been engaged to deal with the enormous rush upon us. Orders are despatched gift cheques and free Watches and Chains immediately orders are received. Don't miss this chance of a lifetime! Send 2/6 NOW and be among the first to benefit.

BE QUICK!

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.W.3), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

The RED POLISH for RED TILES
RED COMPOSITION FLOORS & FRONT STEPS
CARDINAL POLISH
Give your Red Floors and Front Steps a beautiful rich, red finish with 'Cardinal,' the polish that is so easy to apply and will not rub off.
LARGE TINS 6D & 1/-
Sold by all dealers.
Made by makers of Mansion Polish.
Dept. K, Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.
CP. 28.1.

SOUTH WESTERN
GREENHOUSES.
ft. W. Cash. Down. 12 P/ms.
4 6 £7/6 2/6 £/6
10 6 £8/6 2/6 7/6
12 8 £40/- £/- £/-
ALL SECTIONAL.
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK
250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY
Write now for free Cat. S.D. (Reds etc.) S.H. (Greenhouses) MOTOR HOUSES.
ft. W. Cash. Down. 12 P/ms.
8 6 £5/- £/6 £/6
10 7 £6/6 £/6 £/6
12 7 £60/6 £/- £/-
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) LTD.
Dept. J., Hogen Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (3 lines)

"JOHN BULL'S"
MESSAGE TO SHOPKEEPERS
AND SMALL TRADERS
Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post—the modern method of trading? Advertise a bargain line in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article! A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Star small, grow big.
Write for particulars of advertising in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" and details of free advertisement-writing service for Shopkeepers and Small Traders.
Address:
Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A WEEK
21 KEYS
8 BASSES
REAL PIANO ACCORDION
Sent for 2/6 Post Free to Approved orders. Promise 2/- Fortnightly.
Sloping Keyboard, Hand-made reeds, long extension bellows, fine Mauvinique case, pleated panel and leather straps. Size 12½ x 6 x 11½ ins. Magnificent tone and powerful. With 8/- Tutor FREE. Cash £7/6, or 2/6 with order and 26 fortnightly payments of 2/-. WITH 26 KEYS, 12 BASSES, as above. Mauvinique Body. CASH £8/-, or 3/- with order and 26 Fortnightly Payments of 3/6. Delight or Money Back. LIST FREE.
Real Piano Action
BIG BARGAIN LIST FREE
PAIN'S PIANO HOUSE Ltd. (Dept. 20. VA), HASTINGS.

BANISH THE TORTURE OF
"NERVES"
Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!
Genuine Testimonials:
"Such a unique and valuable course is worth its weight in gold."
"It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."
"Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."
HENRY J. RIVERS (DEPT. J.B.15)
40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

AGENTS WANTED
BEST COMMISSION
for Britain's Best "Double Value" and "Treble Value" Club Cards exchangeable for Cigarettes and Tobaccos; Books and Shoes; Watches and Clocks; Sports and Games; Clothing; Household Goods and everything you want.
Free Gifts and Bonus to Agents. "Southern's Gazette," Catalogue and particulars Post Free.
240 PAGE BOOK FREE
Write to-day for Free Outfit.
SOUTHERN & CO.
UNIVERSAL HOUSE CHRISTCHURCH HANTS

HOW to TURN YOUR SPARE TIME into CASH
An interesting contribution by "Judge."

A SHORT while ago a small advertisement appeared in a paper and ran as follows:—
"£5 cash bonus and employment all the year round is offered by" (here followed the advertiser's name and address).
Hundreds of people must have seen it, but many thousands must have skipped it. And what a chance they missed! For those few words crystallised one of the finest, possibly the best, spare-time proposition which any man or woman could take up
Interviewed, the advertiser said: "Only six people answered the advertisement, and I have engaged them all, but I wanted at least one hundred. This has proved one thing to me—people do not want spare-time work, even when there is a chance of earning big money."
"I'm not surprised," I replied, to his astonishment. "You left the public guessing: you left too much to its imagination."
And then he tumbled to my remark.
"Ah, I see what you are driving at," he went on. "You think that my advertisement lacked essential details, and that the average man and woman won't risk a halfpenny stamp to get further details."
"Exactly," I replied. "The next time you advertise tell the public that your spare-time job can be worked anywhere. Say that you don't believe in men and women working on a low commission basis, and that 6d. in every shilling they take belongs to them. Tell them how pleasant and easy the work is—how any man or woman anywhere can start without previous experience, and, above all, mention that you supply the whole outfit absolutely free of charge. Then you'll get some genuine applications from those seeking spare-time work."
"I'll take your advice," he answered.
And as we shook hands two kindly eyes told me that here was a man whose ideas and uncommonly fair methods had brought him business success.
"How about the £5 cash bonus?" I said as we parted. "Does it still hold good for any other prospective spare-time workers who may write you for full details?"
"Most decidedly," was his reply.
So if you are seeking a profitable, easy and pleasant spare-time occupation for all the year round send a p.c. to Mr. H. GUYAN, 17, Barbican House, 1 & 2, Beech Street, London, E.C.1, and everything will be placed before you without obligation.

RUG WOOLS
Cut into lengths ready for use (or in hanks). Quite cost. Send post-card for magnificent
FREE RUG BOOK
containing 112 Coloured Rug Designs, samples of Rug Wools, etc., etc.
Dept. 62, ABBEY Yorks.
Black from
"READICUT" 1/- PER LB.

GRAVES Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value
Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends. 66 x 86in; 7½lb pair. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Complete. Carriage Paid. 3/6 free. 3/6 Monthly. 42/- Drapery Catalogue Free.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD
3/6 NOW

HEART TROUBLE
PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.
Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, breathless, run-down condition, and stops that failing to sleep feeling.
Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.
Prices: 1/6 (50), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.
Book dealing with Heart Trouble. U.S. post. Free on request

SILK STOCKINGS
Art
SEND NOW!
1 PAIR FREE!
To-day's biggest bargain in high-class art. Silk Stockings. Guaranteed genuine Courtelds famous Deluxtra yarn, 300 needles, reinforced mercerised welt, toe and heel. The really fine gauge gives these stockings the appearance of most expensive hose, but enormous purchase enables us to offer them at the extraordinarily low price of 1/9 per pair, or 2 pairs for 3/6 (one pair free), 6 pairs 6/6, all post free. In latest shades of Rita, Arab and Ascot. Sizes 9, 9½ and 10. Bargain list of fashionable underwear sent to all customers. Order NOW!
MESSRS. FRANCIS,
Clarence House, Esplanade, Bognor Regis.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS
Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of "Shadforters" Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. "Shadforters" will give you prompt relief.
Shadforth Prescription No. 285.
Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300)
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited, (Dept. J.B.), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

RUPTURE
COUGH WITH SAFETY. SMALLER PADS.
Back of Pad Showing Spring
By the invention of a new Surgical Pad, Mr. W. Rhoden, L.S.M., A.M.A., has at last solved the problem of maintaining firm support under any possible strain. Coughing, sneezing, or sudden exertion cannot loosen its hold.
STUDY THIS ILLUSTRATION. See how the thickest part of the Pad covers the lowest and weakest part of the Rupture. Then note the tiny ligaments spiral outing. No matter how violent or sudden is the strain, it takes the outward push of the abdomen and compels the Pad to remain in close contact with the body. The Rupture cannot possibly escape. Long Pads no longer necessary. You can test an Appliance on Free Approval for seven days—without even a deposit! Grosvenor Pads can be fitted to any elastic Appliance and most other supports at a small cost.
The price is no less than much Approved Societies pay the full amount. Write now or call.
TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY
RUPTURE Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 6), 6, Oxford St., London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton Street.

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED
from 2/9 MONTHLY
Design S.S.
SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-
DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong pieces, perfect fitting sections easily the best value. Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Summerhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Arbours, etc. All Carriage Paid.
Long Wide High Cash or 12 payments
4ft. 4ft. 6in. £1 10 0 £/-
5ft. 4ft. 6in. £2 0 0 £/-
6ft. 4ft. 6in. £2 10 0 £/-
8ft. 5ft. 6in. £3 15 0 £/-
10ft. 6ft. 7ft. £4 15 0 £/-
Prices (Floor extra.)
S. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 62, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showroom: 60-62, Oxford St., W.1.

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST
I DO not say I may—I say positively I WILL! if I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence. If a Beginner you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easy Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a Player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal-clear, Musicianly Training, a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I have enrolled more than 100 adult pupils per week, these last few weeks, have taught 2,000 these last 12 months, OVER 42,000 DURING 31 YEARS, AND I CAN TEACH YOU. I would emphasise that during tuition you are personally in touch with me, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged. In many cases I write my answer upon the same sheet of paper as the question is asked. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises.
A FREE COPY of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," my special pamphlet "Truth in Advertising," and a Form for gratis advice for P.C. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced.
MR. H. BECKER (Dept. 81A), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Clubholders' Every Turn is First Turn with the TRUSTCLUB
All members of the John England "TRUST" CLUB get their goods delivered free to their homes directly they pay their first 1/-.
John England offers a huge variety of high-quality goods at bargain prices.
You can start a John England Club with as few as FIVE shares, two of which you can take yourself.
FOR FULL INFORMATION FILL IN THE COUPON AND SEND TO THE ADDRESS BELOW (WRITE IN PENCIL).
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
JE
S.10.
JOHN ENGLAND
READING LANE HACKNEY LONDON E8

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our Looms etc., we will forward Direct from our Looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, and Blues. Tapestry, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of the finest quality

wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Royal Visitors and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 29/-, Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

THORNS BARGAINS

Sent on first Payment. Thorn's Buildings are made in accurately fitting sections with "Strongess" steel-braced corners, easy to bolt together. All wood planed smooth, ornamental gables, roofing felt. On fullest approval at Bargain prices.

Send NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 46. P.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long	Wide	High	Cash.	Down	Mthly	Floors Extra.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11	
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	56/-	3/6	5/1	
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6	
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/6	
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	86/-	4/6	8/-	

Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. BOX 46 P. BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. Telephone: Bexleyheath 305

Pent Roof Sheds 23/-
Greenhouses 55/-
Garages 83/6

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

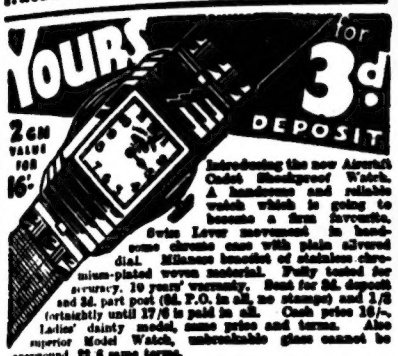
TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MY IMPROVED LAYETTE. EXPECTANT MOTHERS —SEND TO ME NOW.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes 75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkin Squares, Coveralls, etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Another writes:—"The quality of all the things has amazed me. Not in London anywhere, although I live very near to one of the cheapest and best markets, can I see such lovely Baby Clothes at any price."

YOURS for 3d DEPOSIT



Introducing the new Aircraft Cadet Shockproof Watch. A handsome and reliable watch which is going to become a firm favourite. 5-ruby Lever movement in handsome chrome case with plain silvered dial. Milanese bracelet of stainless chromium-plated woven material. Fully tested for accuracy. 10 years' warranty. Send for 3d. deposit and 1d. part post (3d. P.O. in all, no stamps) and 1/6 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid in all. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also superior Model Watch, unbreakable glass enamel to overwound, 22/6 same terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, Ltd. (Dept. S.S.J.16) 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

PIANO ACCORDIONS

HOHNER, PANCOTTI, BONELLI, CRUGNARELLI, SOPRANI, ETC., ETC. USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

From 1/- WEEKLY

Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. 48-8-6 MODEL FOR 47/6.

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. Piano-finished cabinet tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys. 8 basses. Cash price 47/6, or sent on receipt of 2/6 Deposit, Balance payable 4/- monthly until 52/6 is paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Other cheaper model accordions from 30/6. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys 12 bass; 25 keys 24 bass; 34 keys 48 bass; 41 keys 120 bass; etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated brochure of Piano Accordions post free

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Write for Lists NOW

CYCLES FROM 57/6 CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

Free! FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

1/- Per Pair Post Free. 3 pairs 2/- Post Free.

To further popularise our famous double wear IODINE SOCKS we are presenting ABSOLUTELY FREE, for 14 days only, this improved self-filling Fountain Pen (for lady or gent) fitted with pocket clip and SIMULATION GOLD NIB. One gift pen sent with each pair of Socks purchased. Guard health against dangerous winter ailments, etc. Walk on Iodine and enjoy perfect health. Send for one or more pairs, stating sizes required, NOW!

Wm. PENN (Dept. JBP) 823, Holloway Road, LONDON . . . N.19.

★ FREE OFFER ★

PRESENTATION WITH EVERY

LIFE-SIZE ENLARGEMENT

Nothing could be more appropriate to the memory of our late King than the beautifully executed portrait which we are presenting free this week with each enlargement.

★ A PORTRAIT OF H.M. THE LATE KING

8½ in. x 6½ in., on special polished finish card, ready for framing or mounting.

SPECIAL PRESENTATION COUPON (Value 6d.)

To EDWARD & ALAN, LTD. (Dept. S.10), 128/6, Gt. Portland St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

I enclose photograph(s) and Postal Order (1/3 for each photo). Please supply 15 in. x 12 in. enlargement, also FREE Portrait of His Late Majesty.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

You may use this Coupon for more than one photo if desired—send 1/3 for each enlargement.

1/-

By using the coupon you can have an enlargement 15 in. x 12 in., usually priced at 2/9, for 1/- plus 3d. for packing and postage. (Overseas orders 2/-.) FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION Guaranteed. Send photo of any relative or friend, or dear one you may have lost, or holiday snapshots, pet animals, groups, etc., together with P.O. 1/3 for each photo and the 6d. coupon, and we will send post free in about 14 days a lovely life-size 15 in. x 12 in. Enlargement that will not fade. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. Write name and address on back of photo.

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

GENUINE "POLICE" BLUE MELTONS

They won't wear, hole or fray! Frankly we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight "Police" BLUE MELTONS are the world's finest value for working men needing a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed brand new. Smart, gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Double set of brace buttons. Perfectly finished and honestly worth a guinea. Send 6/- (nothing more to pay), stating waist and inside leg measurements.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. T.J.13), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

ONLY 8/- DOWN

WILL BRING YOU A RILEY BILLIARD TABLE ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

Perfect entertainment for all the family. 8/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley Home Billiard Table, Carriage Paid, on 7 days' free trial. Pay balance as you play. Write for art list of Riley's Home Billiard Tables and Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables.

Riley's Home Billiard Table resting on ordinary table.

E. J. RILEY LTD., ARGUS WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Orchestral PIANO ACCORDION

This famous "Twilight Blue" model is a genuine Orchestral Piano model, beautifully finished in this delightfully coloured mother o' pearl marvellous with highly polished panel and solid leather straps. Full piano action. Sloping keyboard. Triple tone chord. A powerful and magnificent instrument. £6 6s. value for £3/6. 21 keys and 8 bases. Send 3/6 only, and if satisfied 1/6 fortnightly until £3/6 is paid in all. Cash £3/6. 25 keys and 12 basses (as illustrated) £3/6 cash or 5/6 with order and 24 fortnightly payments of 3/6. Special Liquidation stock. No lists supplied.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD (Dept. J.T.2) 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

16/6 or 15 weekly payments of 17/- FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

Carr. & pack. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

BED SETTEE 61 ins. wide. 35/- Carr. & Pack. E. & W., 3/6. Or 3/- weekly.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

SEND for NEW coloured Catalogue J of wonderful Bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s to:

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

AS A BED

THAMES UTILITY

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15, illustrating various new features and complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

STEEL TIED ROOFS!

MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

SPECIAL SALE PRICES! WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	6	£5/-/-	£/-	9/2
12	8	6	£5/17/6	£/-	10/3
14	8	6	£6/17/6	£/-	12/6

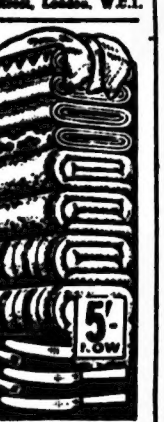
THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS 7, West Street, Erith, Kent. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2072-3.

DART BOARD

Super Professional Model as used by "crack" players, 36 in. circumference, correctly marked in bright colours (Red, Blue, Black), with rounded metal sections and figures. The most popular of indoor games. The more you play it the more you like it. Practice daily and become a "Darts Champ."—the fellow who wins all the big money prizes. No better fun than a game of darts in your own home. Keeps the family at home and saves money on amusements. All you need NOW is 1/- for immediate delivery, post paid. Balance 2/- fortnightly (15/6 in all) or 14/6 cash. State if brass "London" or Feathered Darts required. Note our only address.

INGRAM & CO., 72, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

GRAVES



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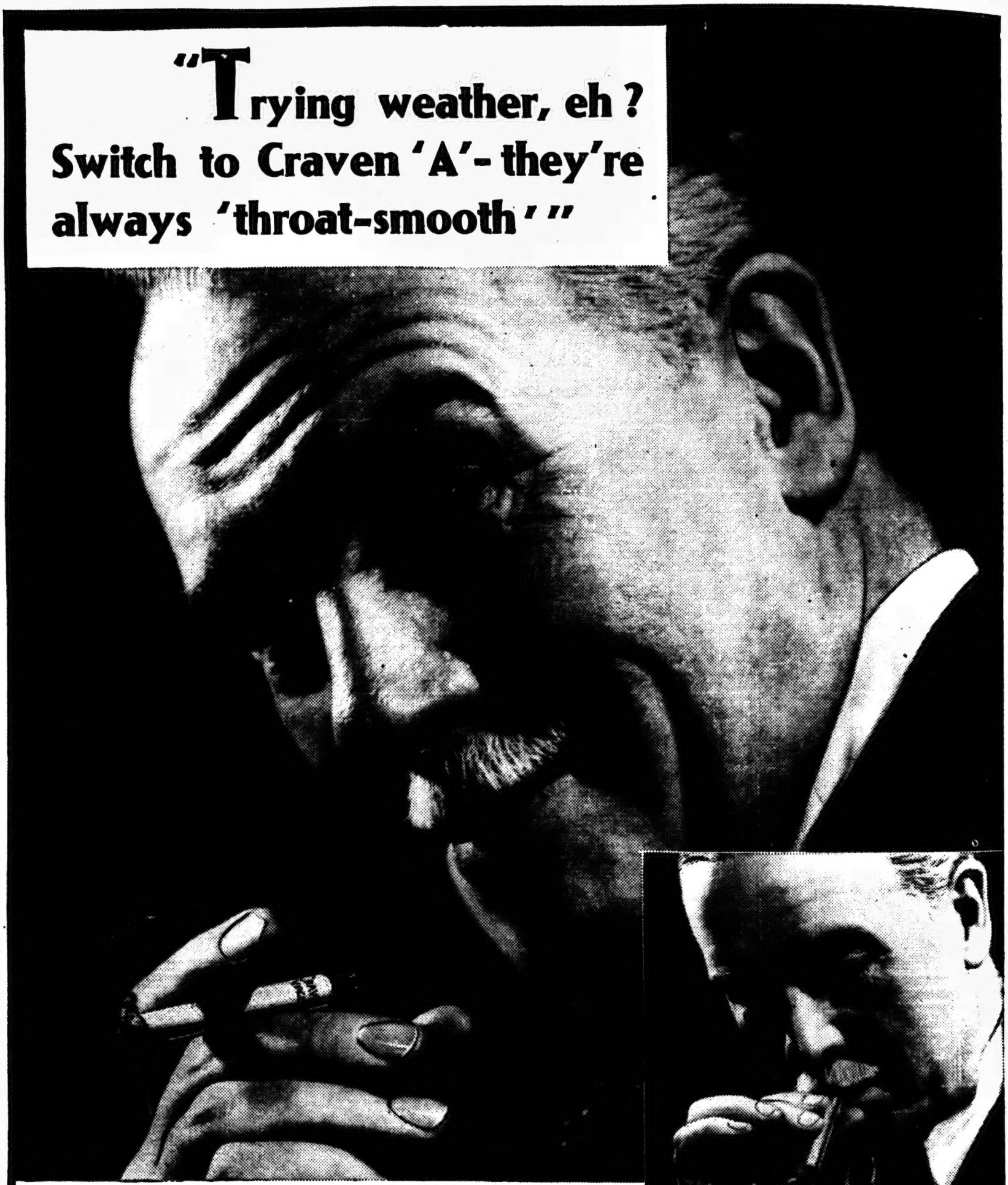

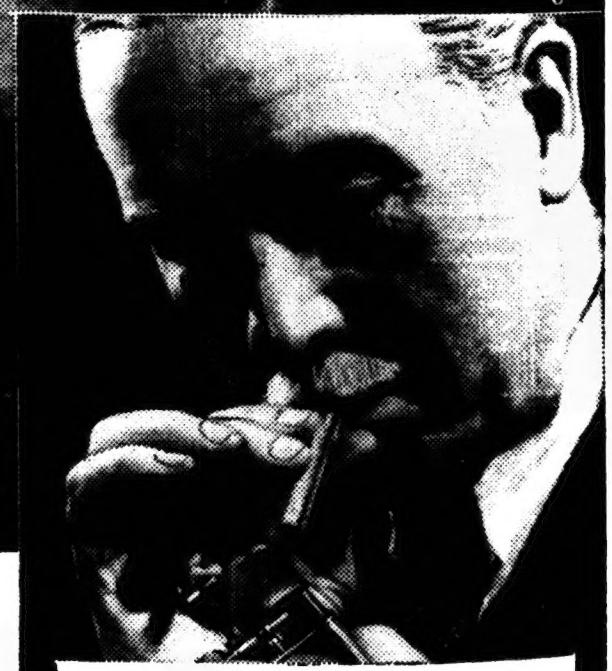

LOTS of my friends complain to me about their throats this time of year. I give them all the same advice—change to Craven 'A'. This cigarette can't irritate because it's made specially to prevent sore throats. Believe me, those who take my tip always say I am right, so I just keep passing on the good news.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BRAVE NEW KING

"LONG LIVE THE KING."

To Edward VIII our loyal wishes and those of all his subjects are extended. We all realise, in part at least, the nature of the responsibility to which he has been called, and appreciate the manifold duties he is looked upon to perform.

He enters upon his reign secure in the knowledge that millions of men and women, citizens of the Empire, look up to him as a friend.

His comings and goings have been those not of a man removed from the hurly-burly of life, but of one like unto ourselves—quick to be moved, possessed of a simplicity that is the mark of greatness, feeling intensely the sufferings of the distressed, ready to give ear to the call of the unemployed.

He made for himself as a prince a place in the affections of the people. We are certain that, as a king, those affectionate relations will be intensified.

☆ ★ ☆

We have every reason to indulge in the highest hopes of him. His attitude stands out clear in his first public utterance. He thinks primarily of his position as a trust and of his goal as aiding to secure "the happiness of all classes" of his people.

Many a humble home in the land cherishes remembrance of his humanity; and not least are memories charged with his instinctive reaction to the poverty and distress he has seen. Underneath the prince he has ever been the man to whose lips sprang words of condemnation, of horror, of regret, that spoke more of understanding than a thousand set speeches.

In his many tours of industrial areas, in his glimpses of life in the distressed places of our land, he has shown his sympathies and his feelings. Little things illumine his path. To him it matters what the wives of the unemployed think; he is acutely conscious of suffering.

"Isn't this dreadful," he said when the Newcastle slums were revealed to him, and the words mean something more than momentary shock. His mind and his heart appreciate, and he tells the simple people to whose homes he goes that he means to set up a movement to relieve the suffering of the unemployed.

We lay stress on that humanity and all that it implies, for these are days in which the human understanding, human sympathy, aye, human wrath, of a king are of great worth.

☆ ★ ☆

They bind together monarch and people in bonds not fashioned by ceremony or tradition—bonds of the heart.

Great as were the changes during King George's reign, we doubt not that even greater are in store. Society is in transformation. The vast productive capacity of this country and of the world lies, as the King himself has so often declared, ready at our doors, the basis on which to build a finer and a better civilisation.

"There is no scarcity of commodities," he has told Britain's business men, but he has emphasised the failure of distribution and consumption. When he declares, "It is useless to produce goods that cannot be sold," and bids the business community find a way out of the impasse, he speaks the mind of millions in the country and the world, who look hopefully to the years that lie ahead.

[Portrait by Hugh Cecil

"We would single out above all his other qualities that simple desire for human justice and happiness which so clearly marks him"

Years of travail and difficulty they may perhaps be, but years of high adventure which on king and subject alike will make high demands. We can rest assured that those demands will be met with that spirit of cheerful and smiling readiness by the man who now reigns.

And not only by readiness, but by courage. He will prove himself a Brave New King for a Brave New World.

Can anyone doubt that, who has watched his ever-growing interest in the conditions of the people? To the unemployed, to the ex-Service man, to the youth of the land, he has brought not merely the comfort of words, but the practical help of a constructive mind.

He has seen things at first hand in the distressed areas of our country, things as they are, and not, as sometimes they are, made ready for royalty. And, seeing, he has spoken and acted.

We would single out above all his other qualities that simple desire for human justice and happiness which so clearly marks him.

Next to his desire for justice and happiness comes his youthfulness. It is not the youthfulness of inexperience or of carelessness, but of the spirit. Life is an adventure, not a dull acceptance. Who does not warm to the prince who clamoured to be allowed to share with the multitude the dangers and terrors of the trenches? Who does not feel drawn to the prince who, confronted with social conditions that appalled, rapped out an oath that was a prayer demanding change? And the prince is father to the king.

His words were unguarded. They were words not usual from royal princes on official visits, but then on his visits he often managed to break free from official tape. Not for him the prepared factory or the superior housing estate. He went to see life and he saw it. And the life horrified.

There is a story told of him when he was a child of seven. He was talking about heaven to his nurse, whither he believed his great-grandmother Queen Victoria had gone. "When you are an angel, is everybody equal?" he asked, and the nurse, hoping maybe to end the queries, told him they were. And then came the comment, a comment significant then and now, "I think that is quite right. But Great Granny won't like it." The child is father of the prince.

☆ ★ ☆

At home, within the limits of his power, Edward VIII will be the friend of the poor and of all upon whom life has fallen most heavily. And that, we believe, is as it should be.

It is well to-day, when change is in the air, when democracy is faced with dictatorships, when monarchies pass into the age of the Forgotten, that the throne of Britain and of the Empire should come to one who hates injustice when he sees it, and is ready for change in social relations and social life.

It is well, too, we think, for the world at large, a world still struggling with adversity, still encompassed with international dangers, still conscious of the menace of war. The battle for peace abroad is still to be won, and in the winning Britain can play no mean part.

Well is it for all that the world knows the sincerity of our King. His motto is that of his father—Britain would be the enemy of none and the friend of all.

"All problems are at bottom human problems," he told the members of Toc H a year or so ago. And the advice he gave them is the advice he follows himself: "The tasks that are ahead of us require not only a friendly heart and a serving hand, but an understanding mind."

A social conscience, sharpened by experience; an understanding of the place and power of a constitutional monarch; a love of justice and of peace—these are indeed attributes fit for a King.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Other Legion of the Disabled

LISTEN to the cry of a man who is "one of the legion forgotten, useless in this active world which denies us the chance that is all we ask."

It is the cry of a JOHN BULL reader who belongs to that great army of "The Other Disabled."

Perhaps it is impossible nowadays to speak of the Disabled without thinking of the crippled war victims. And perhaps some of us do not think enough of the crippled victims of industry, among whom is our correspondent.

The poignant human document he sends us should remind us all of the tragedy endured by thousands.

Without hope

"At twenty-five I find myself cast off without hope," he writes. "I served seven years' apprenticeship in the printing trade; twelve months later, through an accident on a machine, I sustained the loss of my right arm.

"That was three years ago, and I have since been able to obtain only nine months' work. True, the firm took me back to train me in another department—training which lasted nine months before, as is the usual way in such cases, I was dismissed.

"Having run out of unemployment benefit, I am now destitute and without a hope of finding work in competition with able and fit men."

Compensation

No doubt you are asking yourself an obvious question. Well, our correspondent deals with it:

"Certainly we get compensation, such as it is. But even if the entire amount were invested it would not bring in more than 10s. a week . . .

"So we remain a useless community. Mine is the cry of one who is drowning in a sea of uselessness, lost ambitions and livelihood. Some day, perhaps, steps will be taken to help us who cannot help ourselves."

Bitter facts

Such is our young reader's story. Let us emphasise that his plight is shared by thousands of people of all ages—many, like him, with more than half their lives before them.

Can nothing be done to ease their burden? Must they endure many years of bitter idleness?

It may be said that some of industry's maimed have bought small businesses with the compensation awarded them, that others are able to obtain light work.

But there are already too many retail shops and, as our reader points out, it is extremely difficult for a crippled man to compete with the millions of able unemployed.

Our demand

We wish we could hold out some tangible hope of a happier existence for those reduced to destitution by industrial accidents.

We can, and will, continue to press for a generous revision of the law affecting workmen's compensation, so that future victims of the machine will secure more adequate recompense.

And that is a matter to which the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, might well give early attention.

Big profits

The Unemployment Insurance Fund is now making a profit of over £1,000,000 a month. M.P.s don't appear to be aware of it.

We suggest they should ask the Minister of Labour to use some of the surplus either to reduce contributions or increase benefits.

Schools scandal

When they resume work, our M.P.s might also concern themselves with that old disgrace which we have been attacking for years—the "pigsty school."

This subject is again in the news because of a councillor's description of an elementary school as "a tumbledown old shack with rain pouring through the roof." It is not in the wilds, as you might suppose, but in the fast-growing London suburb of Sutton. Despite long protests, the county authority still shows no sign of taking action. Like many other education bodies, it needs a little ginger from Westminster.

Vast "Dole" Profits Unmasked

Better Deal for the Nurses

Broken on the wheels of industry and left to face a hopeless future—such is the plight of many a crippled worker

Long Overdue

We heartily agree with Mr. Claud Mullins, the London magistrate, when he advocates that "Poor Persons'" divorce should first be dealt with in the magistrates' courts. That reform is urgently necessary.

Mr. Mullins very wisely provides that the final decree should be granted in the High Court.

We would go even farther than he does. As it is estimated that only one would-be divorce applicant in 500 has enough money to see the thing through, there's no reason why divorce should not in the first stage be dealt with by magistrates, at least by the stipendiaries.

So why restrict the reform to poor persons?

Change of heart

Signor Mussolini, promising that the Italian Government will do its utmost not to bomb Red Cross units in Abyssinia, asserts that it deplores the past bombing outrages.

This is a welcome change to the bellicose and defiant attitude he has previously adopted.

We fear he has left it a little too late, however, to convince the world that he is more "civilised" than the people he is trying to conquer.

More saving

Savings in the Post Office and Trustees Savings Banks last year went up by £50,000,000.

That reflects the wage increases and improved employment which occurred in 1935. It also shows that the ordinary man, when he is given money, knows how to look after it.

Bait for the simple

But there are plenty of people ready to take it from him.

Small householders are now being bombarded with circulars from bucket-shops, telling them how they can quickly convert £50 into £100 by speculating in pools and options on the share and commodity markets.

If money-making is so easy as this, why don't the bucket-shop promoters carry out the deals themselves and keep all the profits?

Terrible story

Three weeks ago JOHN BULL had to relate the distressing facts concerning a 21-months-old baby who was admitted to the Birkenhead and Wirral Children's Hospital with pneumonia, and who, on discharge, was found to have contracted a serious form of social disease.

Private enquiry showed that a second child who had been in the hospital at the same time was also discovered to be similarly infected after discharge from the institution.

An official statement now being circulated for local consumption declares that an enquiry has shown that there are no grounds for the implication contained in our article.

The facts

This is an answer to our challenge. JOHN BULL made no implications, but told a series of grave facts.

Do the hospital authorities deny the truth of them? And what explanation have they to offer?

Incidentally, people on Merseyside will not confuse the Wirral Joint Hospital at Clatterbridge with the Birkenhead and Wirral Children's Hospital which was the subject of our article.

Making good

To listen to comedians and the "old school tie" gags, some people might find it hard to believe that Borstal is an institution for reforming erring youth.

And the sceptics will probably be surprised to hear that among the many ex-Borstal boys who have made good is the captain of a famous liner.

But everyone should certainly commend the example of some prominent Manchester men who have formed themselves into a corps of "Borstal friends," to whom boys on regaining freedom may turn for help and advice.

Fairer play

And hospitals everywhere should follow the Middlesbrough example of freeing nurses from the barrack-like discipline which has lost many a recruit to the noblest of professions.

They are to be allowed to spend their leisure away from hospital, to smoke in their sitting-rooms, to have one day and one night off duty each week.

Another concession, the limiting of work to thirteen hours a day, cannot be said to err on the side of generosity. But at least it recognises that there are limits to human endurance.

Savages in our midst

Men and fashionably dressed women fighting one another to reach the court room, clothing torn, screams of pain as women were crushed—such was the scene at the Nottingham inquest on Miss Ada Baguley.

Those people obviously went to the wrong place. They would be much more at home among the savages of the tropical jungles.

Trial by coroner

Another inquest has provoked the familiar complaint that a coroner's enquiry "became practically a trial."

We have said before that the task of the coroner's court should be confined to establishing the cause of death and should not usurp the powers of a judge and jury trying a person for alleged murder.

Such a reform, we hope, will soon be recommended by the official committee investigating the problem.

Shocking

Everybody on the telephone in Axminster was rung up simultaneously the other day.

After frenzied work on the part of the exchange, explaining "Sorry you have been troubled," they were all rung up again.

Electric cables had come into contact with the telephone wires, it is said.

We hope not. We should hate to know that we might ring up the Grid by mistake.

Love on the air

Then, once more, wireless listeners have overheard a private telephone conversation—this time between lovers.

Romeos on the telephone whose sweet nothings are given a nation-wide broadcast will hardly be consoled by the reflection that they add to the gaiety of the B.B.C. programmes.

Social menace

"A plausible and cunning scoundrel, a menace to society, a man who does not hesitate to leave his victims stranded in a cold-blooded manner."

So said a detective of Horace Terry, company director, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey last week to five years' penal servitude for conspiracy to defraud.

We note this heavy sentence with some gratification, since Terry and his rubbishy companies have frequently been exposed in these columns.

Their deserts

We must record, too, the meting out of justice to two other rogues who have figured in our warnings to the public.

One is George Enright, alias McCraig, who boasts of having committed "the greatest robbery ever known in England"—the theft of the famous collection of antiques from Bath House, Piccadilly, in 1924.

The other is Dudley Francis Billings, "prince of motor-car swindlers." Both have received three years' penal servitude.

Trickster

We must issue a warning against a man who, claiming to be a foreman builder, is calling at houses in the Thanet district.

After arranging for board and lodgings for a gang of workmen, he produces various documents and raises a loan, after which he disappears.

The Fragrant Minute

WILLIE, THE ROSE MAN

In hospitals, the nurses say "Willie, the Rose man, comes to-day." And patients wait with eager eyes for Willie's, the rose man's, beauty prize! For he grows roses just for this, that they to others may bring bliss.

And in the village where he lives, roses to one and all he gives: to those, especially, who are ill—a bowl upon the window-sill! Much loved is he by young and old, Willie, the Rose man, so I'm told.

An angry heart can grow a thistle, this man who lives in small Hartwhistle grows roses to express, I think, express in red and white and pink, the love he bears his fellow men—what finer theme for rhyming pen? A signalman retired is he, after forty years and three: making his life, until it closes, fragrant and fair by growing roses!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from readers. Address letters to her, c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

"He could mix with everyday folk as one of them"

The KING'S New LIFE

IN the employ of Scotland Yard is a body of distinguished and highly specialised men, almost unknown to the public at large, whose duties bring them almost hourly into intimate contact with the highest in the land.

They are the "Guardians of the Great," and they will play an important part in the King's new life.

Fraught often with the gravest dangers and anxieties, their work is of the most delicate and difficult nature. They spend their time, often nights and days successively, as the guardians of kings, queens and other royalties, diplomats, Ministers of State, and all eminent official foreign visitors.

First among their number to-day is Chief Inspector David Storier, of Scotland Yard's Special Branch. For he has been appointed the principal guardian of King Edward VIII, and it will be his duty to protect the King from every untoward danger or embarrassment which may beset him in the course of his public life.

☆ ★ ☆

A few years ago David Storier was teaching a class of boys, but the life of a schoolmaster grew irksome to him and he joined the police force. With an extensive knowledge of languages, he soon won for himself promotion to the coveted Special Branch.

Henceforth he will be known among his Special Branch colleagues as "The King's Shadow." Wherever he goes he will be close behind the footsteps of His Majesty—watching over his welfare with an eagle eye.

When the new King went on that famous tour of the Argentine, and proved himself "the Empire's greatest trade ambassador," it was David Storier who was chosen to guard him. It was his first experience of being a royal "shadow," and he found it no simple task.

For, as we all know, no one ever less needed a "shadow" than the Prince of Wales, as Edward VIII then was. His universal popularity, not only in this, but in other lands, made such a precaution seem one of the most unnecessary of all the formalities of the "trappings of State."

As the Prince he once said, when protesting against the precautionary measures taken for his safety, "Oh, it's frightful that I cannot be left alone for a moment. . . . It seems that I have no privacy, but am followed, and stared at, and guarded wherever I go. It's no joke being the Prince of Wales!"

To-day, as our King, he is more carefully guarded than ever, and while he may insist on those precautionary measures being reduced to a minimum, there is no doubt that some of the freedom he once enjoyed may be curtailed.

And he has our understanding and sympathy if he will find less time to fly to Le Touquet for a week-end game of golf as he has often done in the guise of the "Earl of Chester."

He may miss those informal evenings at the kinema, or theatre, when he enjoyed the performance as quietly as anybody else.

Those trips abroad *incognito*, or lunches with friends at his club, or impromptu dinners at a famous West End restaurant at which he could forget for a while that he was heir to the Throne, may cease to be part of his new life.

He may miss the days, too, when, snatching a moment's leisure, he could drive off to Walton Heath Golf Club to "have a round with the 'pro,'" and mix with everyday folk as one of them.

The occasional amusement he used to find at Nice and Monte Carlo, and the informal holidays he spent at his ranch in Alberta, Canada, may now become things of the past. So, too, his unceremonious visits to his favourite Biarritz.

His liking for the setting of fashions in clothes, and ties and hats, which were copied by admirers everywhere, may not be repeated.

☆ ★ ☆

As Sovereign will he miss all these delightful touches that endeared him so much to us as Prince of Wales?

An amusing story is told of his sitting in a hotel lounge in Paris wearing a pair of trousers cut at an extraordinary angle. One of his closest friends enquired why, as they seemed so ultra-modern, he was wearing them in public. "Because I like them," was the reply.

Throughout most of his crowded life as Prince of Wales his chief guardian was the late Inspector Burt, who travelled all over the world with him, and whose chief concern was to discharge his duty unobtrusively, without showing the Prince too much obvious and embarrassing attention.

On one occasion the Inspector was instructed by his superiors to report for duty at a certain West End hotel at which the Prince was attending a function, only to discover that his royal master was nowhere to be found. He had collected his clothes from the cloakroom and gone on to another party, forgetting all about his "shadow."

The Inspector experienced a similar shock when, after losing the Prince for several hours, he returned to St. James's Palace to await news of him.

There, in the early hours, the Prince returned, attired in clothes specially worn for the occasion, and looking very worn and dejected.

Alone and unattended, from midnight onwards, he had been sitting for hours talking to "down and outs" in a large dwelling-house which catered for men who were given a meal and a night's rest in return for a few coppers.

"I've seen life in the raw, Burt!" he said "And I didn't want you with me! Good night!"

He loved to see for himself how the poorest of the poor live, and we know he will continue to do so.

The human side of his character is also shown in the story of an incident which greatly scared the late Inspector Burt. That was when, while making a tour through Africa, one of the members of the Prince's party contracted a most contagious fever. In spite of all Burt's respectful protests, and of the appeals of his medical advisers, the Prince, at great risk to himself, sat for hours at the side of his sick friend, and even cancelled several important engagements until he knew that the patient was out of danger.

On another occasion he went alone into a well-known West End club and invited a partner to dance with him, who did not recognise him. Then he laughed heartily when in the middle of the floor he came face to face with one of his equerries, and his partner discovered his identity.

There is one phase of his career—flying—which he has been able to enjoy without his inevitable "shadow" at his heels. His closest friends know that he loves flying, and most of his Air Force acquaintances regard him as a first-class pilot.

At one time he flew a great deal, but since he made a somewhat daring landing at Windsor some time ago, he has refrained from piloting his own machines.

Recently he sold one of his best 'planes to the Air Ministry, and now that he is King his flying career might be more curtailed still.

☆ ☆ ☆

As King he may have to forgo the delightful days he has spent at his farm at Stoke Climsland, Cornwall, part of the Duchy of Cornwall. For years he has taken great pride in this farm, for here he has bred some of the finest cattle in the country, as well as sheep pigs, and poultry.

Dressed as a gardener he has on scores of occasions been seen working hard to obtain perfection, and time and again has given parties to neighbouring farmers, who have been escorted by him around the farm. In more recent times he has specialised in growing raspberries, strawberries, daffodils, and other flowers.

Not long ago a stranger, wrapped heavily in a scarf, spent several hours in Covent Garden market. He asked questions of porters and salesmen alike. Nobody suspected it, but it was Edward VIII. He had suddenly made up his mind to go to the market—without the knowledge of even his "shadow"—in order to study "on the spot" market requirements and prices.

Had his mission been previously known his "shadow" would have been there!

For, while in this country the possibility of any serious affront to royalty is exceedingly remote, there is always the risk of annoyance by fanatics and the unwanted activities of people who make a habit of pestering royal personages.

All the same, Edward VIII has shown that he prefers to move about as freely and naturally among the people as he possibly can. And there is no doubt that he will continue to do so, even if, now that he is King, there may be some curtailment of his freedom.

BEING HIS

IN the first hour of Tuesday, January 21, within a few minutes only of the midnight passing of his father, Edward Prince of Wales was summoned from the bedside to a room in Sandringham. In a sense, it can be said that all his twenty years of adult life had been a preparation for this summons, directed to this moment.

In the room were four men. Three were kneeling—they were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham; the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; and the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon. The fourth man, the Archbishop of Canterbury was standing. As the Prince of Wales entered the room he began, "Your Majesty . . ."

With those two words uttered in the presence of these chief members of the Privy Council, Edward Prince of Wales became Edward the Eighth of Great Britain, and much more besides.

And he took upon his shoulders as great a burden of responsibility as can fall to any man, and a job of work which in sheer labour alone, in hours to be spent each day on the myriad tasks of kingship, is at least as great as any citizen's of his Realm.

Strange paradox

His life as Prince of Wales was more arduous than was his father's in that place. He has had a long apprenticeship to hard work, has had great burdens thrust upon him, and has learned early to shoulder State cares and responsibility. He will need it all, now he has shouldered the still greater cares of the business of being King.

What is the King's Business?

To be King of Great Britain is to live out the strangest paradox in rulership. As the school books tell us, he "reigns but does not govern." He is a State symbol and yet a fount of power. There can be no State action without him, yet he can only act on "advice."

The "King can do no wrong" because his Ministers are responsible for all his actions. Conversely, they are responsible for all his errors. If he does wrong it is because his Ministers have failed in advice.

Whatever his personal political convictions he may not utter them publicly if they are against the attitude of his advisers. If he did, these utterances would not, legally, exist. All his official statements must be the composition of his advisers, and put publicly into his hands.

He is the fount of all honours, public recognitions and rewards, yet legally, only two are within his own bestowal and gift—the Order of Merit and the K.C.V.O. Even the noble Orders of the Garter, the Thistle and the Bath are given according to his Ministers' advice.

In all respects his lofty rôle must be lived in utter neutrality and utter reserve—"the divinity that doth hedge a king"—and yet he must contrive to be utterly human.

Besides being the sum of all regality, the expectation of a monarch of Britain is to be, in Bagehot's phrase, "a simple, common man who plods the plain routine of life from the cradle to the grave."

The final paradox is this: that although the Constitution demands that the King be neutral, that he be guided in all his actions by advice, yet he may rule in as complete a sense as any Hohenzollern or Hapsburg. According to his knowledge and capacity he may *guide* that advice.

King Edward (as Prince of Wales) working at St. James's Palace. On the right is the white and gold room in which visitors are received. "As Prince he always preferred a flat-topped modern desk. He may replace the roll-top (one of which is seen on the extreme right) at which his father worked"

"Sleep on it"

A practical example was the crisis of 1931. The Labour Cabinet had resigned. The leading politicians of all parties were badly rattled. A Governmental chaos such as this country had never known was impending.

Mr. MacDonald called upon King George to hand in his resignation, and, although the King may not refuse to accept a Minister's resignation, he sent Mr. MacDonald away again. "Go home," he said, "and sleep upon it. Let Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Baldwin be further consulted. I will see them and other Ministers, and you shall see me again to-morrow."

But withal the King, as certain observers and some foreign opinion have suggested, was *not* responsible for the formation of the National Government. His weight and his neutral counsel merely gave the politicians balance again. When they coalesced it was into that particular pattern that was called the National Government.

It is in the garnering of knowledge which will equip him to perform such tasks wherein consists the true labour of kingship. That is the King's business—getting this immense and wide knowledge, of humanity, of the technique of government and affairs.

We have been discussing so far the theory of the King's business. In what does its practice, its details consist?

When we speak about the King, of the duties, the anxieties and the privilege of his lofty destiny, it is no disrespect, but the bare truth, to say that we also speak about his Household. For in a very real and practical sense the two are one. Without them he could not do his work.

Edward VIII will run his business of ruling the British Empire on an annual Budget, called the Civil List, of about £460,000 a year, out of which he must pay the salaries of his Household from the youngest maidservant to the members of his entourage and the closest circle of his officers and advisers.

One hundred and twenty thousand pounds goes in these salaries and retirement allowances; £190,000 in the household expenses of running Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, and includes the wages of some of the servants. It takes 400 of them to run Buckingham Palace and 300 Windsor Castle.

150 relatives

Household bills are huge, and all the ingenuity of Keepers of the Privy Purse has failed to bring them much lower. To quote only one item, the laundry bill at Buckingham Palace alone comes to £8,000 a year.

The balance of the Budget, about £150,000, goes into His Majesty's Purse. But out of this he has to contribute to the support of over 150 Royal relatives, for whom Parliament makes no provision, pay for the running of the private estates of Sandringham, Balmoral, etc., provide for all "State functions traditionally associated with the Monarchy," and the cost of visits of foreign royalties.

On this last item the Purse has lately made a profit. George V made a good bargain when he took over this charge in exchange for release

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Not from the B.B.C.

1066 And All That

WHEN James Watt first observed the steam
That from his mother's kettle spurted
He forthwith was inspired to dream
Of how this force might be converted;
The engine that we know to-day
Achieved existence in this way,
So those who favour legends say.

But legends nowadays merely thrill
Our scribes if they can straight debunk 'em;
They won't rest satisfied until
In bogs of sticky facts they've sunk 'em;
The t's they cross, the i's they dot,
And James's kettle goes to pot—
They hear the yarn and cry, "Watt rot!"

With the centenary of James Watt that long-cherished story that the idea that led to the invention of the steam engine came to him when he was watching his mother's kettle on the hob is dismissed as just another of the tarradiddles with which history and biography abound.

Watt's latest biographer, Mr. W. G. Dickinson, not only explodes the kettle myth, but explains that the steam engine was invented twenty-four years before Watt was born; James's claim to fame being the invention of a condenser which greatly improved the existing engine.

So, if you didn't know before, you know now! But whether you are any better off for the knowledge is quite another matter. It all depends upon whether you prefer your history penny plain or tuppence coloured. Many quite frankly prefer the latter and feel that it is high time that the modern debunkers were themselves debunked.

Any day now we are liable to be informed that it was not through seeing an apple fall that Newton discovered the law of gravity, that Cleopatra never had the needle (not even when Antony returned to his wife), and that it is erroneous to assume that the battle of Waterloo was fought on the playing fields of Eton.

In fact, mention of Waterloo recalls that a recent debunking biographer had the hide to discover that Wellington never exclaimed "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" but merely issued the order: "The Guards will now charge"—which is enough to make a disgusted patriot offer to swop his Wellington boots for a pair of white mice.

If the high lights of history are thus to be dimmed in the interest of mere accuracy the world will become distinctly duller. Indeed, Hollywood may yet be deterred from filming "The Private Life of Good Queen Bess," lest some pedant should question the authenticity of the scene in which the Queen is beheaded.

"What," writes a slightly muddled correspondent, "do most of us know about Alexander except that he fiddled while Rome burned?" Destroy this legend and many of us will be deprived of the only information relating to Alexander that we chance to possess. Seeing that history is mostly lies, let it at least be made up of the kind of lies that are easily learned and remembered:

Though debunkers may try to condemn as a lie
The yarn that Abe Lincoln once chopped
Down his pa's cherry-tree with his hatchet, by me
The legend won't quickly be dropped!
It's such stories as this that make history bliss
For those, like myself, who're possessed
Of a mem'ry exact for historical fact
When with picturesque trappings it's dressed!

I don't care a hoot whether good King Canute
Lost his crown in the Wash, as they say;
But it's nice to think Kings, like their subjects, lose things
In this homely, well-recognised way!
And, though scholars may grieve, I'm resolved to believe
In the legend that Henry the Fat
When set to watch cakes, let them burn, for it makes
A jolly good yarn, and that's that!

MAJESTY——

..The Mighty Task it Is!

from Income Tax which Queen Victoria had voluntarily assumed in 1841. Income Tax since the war has gone up (to-day the King would have had to pay, even after deductions, about a quarter of his Civil List receipts, or nearly £100,000 in tax), and visits from foreign royalties has gone down.

Actually, Parliament and the country make a much bigger profit out of the King by an earlier and much shrewder bargain.

Before George III the Royal Budget came from the Crown lands, including foreshores, demesne rights and forfeitures. But George III had fifteen children and many debts, and so he surrendered the Crown Lands income which had been in the Royal possession and built up through centuries for an annual grant from Parliament such as obtains to-day.

It was a good bargain then for the King, but to-day the Crown Lands, including areas like Regent Street and others around Westminster, bring in about £1,300,000 a year. There is thus a profit of nearly £900,000 between that sum and the annual sum paid to the King.

The chief officers of his business from the many hundreds of his Household, and who attend him throughout the day's routine of kingship, are first, the Keeper of the Archives and Private Secretary, Lord Wigram; the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Cromer; the Controller of the Household, Sir A. Lambert Ward; the Treasurer to the King (at present deputised by Sir Ralph Harwood), and, after these, the Lords-in-Waiting, of whom there are six who serve fortnightly tours of duty.

Premier's report

The day's routine of business starts at ten o'clock, when the King enters his "office" at Buckingham Palace with its two huge roll-top desks, one for the King, the other for the Private Secretary. (Edward VIII as Prince of Wales has always preferred working on a flat-topped severely modern table. He may have this type of table sent to Buckingham Palace to replace the roll-top, at which his father worked and took over from Edward VII.)

When he enters the "office" at 10 a.m. he will find a pile of red despatch-boxes confronting him, all containing documents to be read and many to be signed. At the top will be a short report from the Prime Minister, written the night before, on the day's business in the House of Commons and on some subject which is holding the particular attention of the Government.

This digested, the King will go through the other papers with Lord Wigram. Some will have already been got ready in précis form, and will contain matters of policy and negotiation for his approval.

Needless to say, every attempt is made to keep this volume of reading matter sent to the King down to subjects only of absolute national importance. But, even so, the morning pile of documents necessary to keep him in touch with national and world affairs is enormous, and takes well over an hour to go through.

After the documents to be read, and comments to be written or dictated, there are the documents to be signed. These average about 200 a week, with sometimes a deluge in one day. The King's hand must sign all Acts of Parliament, all official documents "given under our hand and seal," all commissions in the Navy, Army and Air Force, diplomatic appointments to foreign Courts, Honours Lists individually, and title warrants of many kinds.

After this work with the despatch-boxes, the private correspondence of the King has to be dealt with. It has already been sorted and winnowed down to essentials for his perusal, but even so it would be a fair pile for the head of a large business.

Audiences

In theory the meanest of his subjects has the ear of the King. In practice that is impossible, but the correspondence before him includes many personal appeals. It is not all from his close friends.

Next on the day's list, and the first officer to be sent for to the "office" is the Controller or Treasurer of the Household for a conference on the domestic matters of running the King's business and home. There are financial questions to be discussed each day in connection with the King's disbursements.

After the Controller, Lord Cromer is called to discuss plans with regard to forthcoming functions.

In addition to this high-pressure work before luncheon, an audience may have to be given. The Lords-in-Waiting escort into the King's presence royal visitors from abroad, foreign ambassadors, Ministers of the Crown and Privy Councillors. The lesser hierarchy of the Household like the Grooms-in-Waiting have the duty of bringing in admirals, field-marshals and similar upper ranks of the Services.

Over the gardens

These meetings entail a journey from the "office" to the huge white and gold audience room which overlooks the gardens of Buckingham Palace.

After luncheon, the King is usually back in his working room again, for more correspondence is arriving, and the stream of red despatch-boxes does not cease all day. Then further audiences for the afternoon may have been arranged, and there are additional conferences with Household officials to complete arrangements discussed in preliminary form during the morning.

So the day will go on, till beyond tea-time, in the laborious work of running his business as Head of the State.

On many days, too, there must be an hour sandwiched in for the private calls upon his attention and his Purse, the many charities which have his interest or devolve upon his care.

Brief leisure

Dinner, and after, is the only moment of real leisure in the King's day. His late father used particularly to treasure the two hours between 9 p.m. and bedtime at 11, which he could devote to the things he liked—his stamp collection, his wireless set (he had automatic tuning devices installed before these were generally available, and was intensely interested in the theory of short-wave reception), his little "war games," where he worked out problems of naval strategy with models and diagrams, or his reading of a biography by the fireside alone in the company of "his dear wife."

Edward VIII cares nothing about stamps and little about wireless. He prefers the strenuous games and outdoor pursuits of the young, fit man that he is. But in the King's business, as it has grown to be, he will have little leisure to enjoy them.

More still?

It has been said that George V had to handle nearly twice as much volume of business in a day's work as did Edward VII. King Edward VIII may have to take over still more.

He will need all his strength to cope with a burden which so taxed his father's strength. He will need our prayers, as he *has* our gratitude and our reverence, for his part in the onerous and lofty destiny to which he has been called.

To grasp the nature and demands of that task, of the King's Business—even if we see it only dimly and for one moment—is to say, and pray, with utter heartfelt truth, "God Save the King!"

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15 FOR 6°

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to* EBBY EDWARDS

What You've Saved Us From!

DEAR MR EBBY EDWARDS,—Everyone, I am sure, will be relieved at the settlement last week of the dispute which threatened a national stoppage in the coalfields of this country.

Everyone will admire the tact and moderation with which the miners' leaders—among whom you occupy so prominent a place—handled the long and difficult negotiations.

You may not have achieved complete satisfaction over your just demands. But you have averted a disaster that would have paralysed British trade and brought distress into countless homes.

You have opened a new and promising chapter in the history of British trade unionism in that you have persuaded the mineowners to take the most important step of all towards putting their house in order—they are to reorganise at last the selling side of the industry.

Very belatedly, too, they have agreed to set up a national joint committee which will make national consideration of mining wages possible.

Such achievements mean much to the vast army of workers your Federation represents. But it is the human results of the skilful handling of a difficult situation by you and your colleagues that I must stress.

Throughout the coalfields the standard of living will at least be better than it was, and much misery and distress will be lessened. Moreover, every home in the land will be spared the inconvenience that a national coal stoppage would have entailed. You've saved us from all that.

True, the wage increases that have been won fall short of the men's demands. They are less than the increases the general public would have gladly welcomed as the miners' minimum right.

Notably, the offers made to the exporting districts—which have long been the worst hit of our coalfields—are miserably inadequate. They will, I fear, do little to relieve the very real suffering which exists in the homes of thousands of miners' families.

But they must not be regarded as a final settlement, incapable of change. They represent a beginning, not the end.

The whole nation will expect them to be improved as soon as the coal industry is improved.

Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that the owners will promptly throw off the shackles of inefficiency and neglect which have bound the industry for generations. This, in fact, is the most unsatisfactory feature of the settlement.

No promise has been vouchsafed that the mines will be worked as every expert knows they can be worked. Neither will the increases you have managed to wring from the managements be met by the long overdue reform of productive methods, but by levying the consumer.

I know you will agree with me that this is both unnecessary and unfair. Royal Commission after Royal Commission has advocated reforms which would enable the men to secure a decent wage without raising the retail price of coal.

Because of their obstinacy—some would call it criminal negligence—we can give no credit to the owners for the settlement reached. Even the reorganisation of the selling side of the industry, now promised, is one which has been urged upon them for years, not only by the miners but by Parliament itself. No one can, therefore, admire the part they have played in the industrial drama just concluded.

I say this in no partisan spirit. Had I thought your demands unreasonable, I should not have hesitated to condemn them.

Moreover, the great mass of the public has clearly been behind you during these months of suspense and anxiety. So much so that I am convinced every decent citizen will agree with me that the new deal you have been given is not all you had a right to expect.

I hope the chapter that the settlement opens will be one of the happiest and most prosperous in the long history of Britain's key industry. But it would be hypocritical to pretend that the last word has been written.

We must see to it that the industry recaptures its former prosperity, which did more than anything else to raise this country to its proud pre-eminence among the great industrial nations; so, too, must the miners eventually receive still better rewards for their labours.

I need not stress the dangerous and arduous nature of their calling. The dreadful toll of life and limb which the mines exact is too well known to my readers to be dwelt upon here. Nor need I emphasise the discomforts and diseases which must be borne by many of those who work underground.

What cannot be passed over at this juncture is the heavy responsibility which rests upon those who control the industry. They must be made to realise that not only your Federation, but the whole public, expects them to begin *at once* on the drastic reforms so imperatively necessary.

The man and woman in the street have had enough of mining disputes, and they have had no doubt in their minds as to where the blame has rested.

The coalowner is now on trial with the new settlement. Woe to him if he fails once again to satisfy the judge!

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. EAMON DE VALERA,
Dublin

DEAR MR. DE VALERA,—One of the most cheering trade items of the new year is your Government's decision to withdraw the 5s. a ton tax on imported British coal.

That means two things—that Irish consumers are tired of cheap foreign coal, and that the large increase in Welsh coal exports to Ireland in 1935 may be regarded as permanent.

And I trust it will lead to greater understanding and mutual helpfulness between Britain and the Irish Free State.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF-COOPER,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Some bright official at the War Office has been telling the newspapers—no doubt to encourage recruiting—that the Army is "no longer the last resource of riff-raff."

As an ex-officer you probably know that it owes a great deal to the old soldier.

Fairness demands that you should enlighten your subordinate on this point.

JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
Bristol United Temperance Societies

SIRS,—The tolerant people of Bristol must be highly amused by your rebuke to those naughty members of the Housing Committee who attended the opening of a tavern on their new estate.

And by "tolerant people" I mean all those who remember that the two beverages most commonly mentioned in the Bible are wine—which maketh glad the heart of man—and water—with which the wild asses quench their thirst.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. CRAVEN,
Kirton, Boston

DEAR MR. CRAVEN,—Official attention should be given to the serious charges you have made at a conference of the National Union of Agricultural Workers.

You point out that some school managers are farmers, and you allege that the managers allocate children's holidays to suit themselves—at the time of potato picking. And you rightly assert that the youngsters should be able to enjoy the holidays in their own way and to play in the sunshine.

Another speaker describes child labour on the farms as "nothing better than slavery," and I hope that such conditions will be promptly investigated.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Garforth, Yorkshire

GENTLEMEN,—You are looking for a £3-a-week man.

He must be ambulance driver, street lighting attendant, pumping attendant at the sewage works, boiler and mortuary attendant and do odd jobs. He must drive a car, too, and be qualified in electrical work.

I suppose you have fixed up for your medical and accountancy work?

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Soon a deputation representing hundreds of holiday resorts will ask you to loosen their financial fetters.

For, at present, if they dare to advertise the attractions of their towns they are liable to be surcharged.

Unless you end this intolerable absurdity, I anticipate that the Brighter Britain movement will be sadly eclipsed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BENJAMIN ELLIS,
Liverpool

DEAR MR. ELLIS,—No, it's not true that there is no sentiment in business.

The firm of which you are governing director recently sold its property, and its sixty employees were threatened with unemployment. Though you retired to the South of France years ago, you have returned in your eighty-first year to instal them in fresh premises and to start the business on a new lease of life.

Gladstone's birthplace seems to have a happy knack of producing Grand Old Men.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. M. CHRISTIE,
Police Convener, Dundee

SIR,—In the face of smouldering opposition you still hold that candidates for the post of Chief Constable should canvass the town councillors.

It may, perhaps, provide some people with immense personal gratification to find men approaching them humbly cap in hand, but I'm glad to note that only one councillor shares your view that the applicants should be required to canvass.

JOHN BULL.

Lord WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—It is a sad picture you draw of the modern man destroying the prosperity of other nations to advance his own pleasure—which is how wars come about.

But does the private citizen do this? Or is it the fault of people who rule him?

JOHN BULL.

Madame NOVELLO DAVIES,
London, W.

DEAR MADAM,—At the end of this month you will give London a "Singing for Peace" Week—an endeavour to use the common language of song in the interests of peace and international friendship.

It will also include addresses on world peace by well-known speakers, and is a sequel to the recent successful tour of the Continent by the ladies' choir which you founded forty years ago.

I need hardly tell you that anything designed to foster friendship between the nations has the warm wishes of

JOHN BULL.

Mr. SIDNEY TAYLOR,
High Peak, Derbyshire

DEAR CORONER,—A car skidded and a child was killed. You regretted the fact that, despite broadcast messages stressing the danger, there were no skid chains on the car.

It is also regrettable that, despite the warnings about this dangerous road, the authorities still fail to provide a footpath.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEXANDER GLENNIE,
Rothienorman, Aberdeen

DEAR ALEC,—When about to start on a six-mile drive to your wedding you found the snow too deep for motoring. But was the weather to be allowed to defeat a blacksmith?

You unearthed a sledge, harnessed a horse, and romped to your bride in the style of an old-fashioned fairy-tale prince.

I hope any little difficulty of your matrimonial life will be as gallantly surmounted.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. R. H. BABINGTON,
Westend, Hampshire.

REVEREND SIR,—I welcome your determined campaign against the village slums in your district.

You are concerned not only with the appalling state of the houses, but with the rents. "One family," you say, "is paying 17s. 6d. for a house in which no one would keep animals."

Your outspoken protests have offended the parish council, but I rejoice to find you unrepentant.

I should rejoice still more if other rural parsons displayed the same public spirit and courage.

JOHN BULL.

Matron says I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

No one knows better than Matron exactly how strenuous a life nurses lead. On their feet all day; the weariness of night duty; the continuous nerve strain plus heavy work. So Matron likes to see her nurses fortifying themselves with Fry's Cocoa. The high proportion of energy giving constituents contained in Fry's is a benefit to all those who work. And the flavour is delicious.

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It does NOT suppress them

Nature's own way—and the best way—of banishing colds and 'flu is by throwing out the poisons from the system by means of skin action. The skin has thousands of pores from which exude a constant imperceptible moisture. It is by taking advantage of this fact that 'ASPRO' is able to eliminate poisons through the skin. 'ASPRO' tablets assist the natural functions of the body, thereby helping you to avoid colds and 'flu. In addition to this, 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, has well-known qualities as an antiseptic, a germicide and an analgesic. It's dangerous to suppress a cold because suppression does not get rid of the cause.

'ASPRO' definitely promotes the action of the skin—thus it gets rid of colds and 'flu by a process of elimination—NOT BY SUPPRESSION

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

COLDS QUICKLY DISAPPEAR

H.M.S. Danae,
America & West India Station.

Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and I feel O.K. again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds but many other things.

I remain, Gratefully yours,
F. J. WARNE.

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

Tyrie Bleachfield,
Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Dear Sirs,—For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head, but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully,
J. BURKE (Mr.).

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Queen Mary

THE nation has paid impressive homage to the memory of a great and good King. It is fitting that it should pay its equal tribute to the great and good Queen who survives him.

The lives of the two were so indissolubly woven together that it is not easy to think of them in isolation. For forty-two years they moved among us with a noble simplicity and a perfect accord that made their family life an example and an inspiration.

Even in these days of moral topsy-turvyism, when the gospel of Mr. Bertrand Russell that it is "the nice people who have nasty minds" passes for wisdom in crapulous intellectual circles and when the sanctities of the home are demoded and derided, the people of this country still love the old ways and the faith and decencies of family life.

Even when they do not observe those ways, they respect them. They see in them the cement without which society would be disintegrated and the affections that make so large a part of the wealth of life would perish.

It has always been so. We believe it always will be so. It was so in the case of George III. It was his homely domestic virtues that made the country tolerate his political follies. And it is so to-day, when we have been privileged to see political wisdom associated with the graces of enduring family affection.

☆ ☆ ☆

HOW much the late King himself reverenced the good name of his home life was shown when, with conspicuous courage, he came out into the Courts and slew the slander that had pursued him from youth and had been the theme of gossip and calumny for years.

The wisdom of that step was abundantly shown. From that day the voice of scandal never again breathed its whispers against a domestic record which has now, alas! passed into history.

In that record Queen Mary had an illustrious part. It is popular knowledge that Queen Victoria had set her heart upon Princess May, as she was popularly known, coming to the Throne, and from childhood she was prepared for her task. How deep an impression that early training left on her we have been privileged to witness during her long and happy life—as Duchess of York, then as Princess of Wales and finally as Queen.

Of course, the qualities of character were there to begin with. Queen Mary's life has exhibited so continuous, so serene and so unchanging a current that it is difficult to conceive that she could ever have been other than she is in essential quality. But in externals the signature of a period has been printed indelibly upon her.

"A great woman and a great Queen. Let us salute the Victorianism that gave her to us"

—THE NATION'S DEBT TO HER

☆ ☆ ☆

THAT period is the Victorian. It is customary to-day to deride Victorianism. In that this age is no different from any other. Every generation gibes at that which has gone before and is gibed at in turn by that which follows after.

So it has always been; so it will always be.

No doubt there were ugly features in the Victorian scheme of things. It was unduly smug and complacent. It estimated national welfare too much in the terms of material prosperity: too little in the terms of social justice. It was prim and prudish and full of repression, social and political.

But at its best it exhibited great virtues. It had reverence. It respected the decencies of things. It believed in discipline and duty. It frowned on promiscuity, and was devoted to the ideal of the home. It paid its way, and practised the now unpopular virtue of economy.

It went to church and chapel, and made good resolutions. It believed in the orderly conduct of life and in the spiritual governance of its affairs.

And it is of this aspect of Victorianism that Queen Mary has been so conspicuously representative. She is the embodied spirit of all that was most worthy in a great tradition. In a world heaving with revolution, unrest, disillusion, moral upheaval, social dissolution and spiritual negative, she has planted the banner of a more secure, more ordered, more sober life on the battlements of Windsor Castle. She has not done it ostentatiously. She has done it quietly but firmly and inflexibly. *J'y suis, je reste* has been the motto by which she lived simply and unaffectedly.

This loyalty to the ideas she was imbued with in her severely regulated childhood has been apparent in all her actions. It has been said that she is the only Society woman who is not "in Society." Everything about her has the perfume of other days.

She is frankly, austerely middle-class. She knows nothing of the "smart" world and is indifferent to the fantasies and follies of fashion. When a new hat sweeps the fashionable world she wears one of the old pattern that she loves and that we have come to love, too, as the symbol of herself.

And we would have it so. For the character that shines through these loyalties to other times is worth all the fashion plates of impossible women in impossible dress that were ever designed for our admiration or derision.

☆ ☆ ☆

NOR will anyone who saw with what queenly dignity she bore the banner of Victorianism in that crowning moment of her life last May at St. Paul's Cathedral doubt that the triumph was hers, without the seeking, for she has that rarest of all merits, the merit of being simply and naturally herself.

And these outward traits are the signs of the inward life. Her tastes are Victorian and her severe sense of duty is Victorian. She is no feminist, but the housewife whose realm is the church, the children and the kitchen. She indulges in none of the popular expedients for killing time, and, like a certain eminent man, probably does not know the ten of spades from the ace. But she knows her household from the attic to the scullery, and wherever she goes visiting she enriches herself with new stores of wisdom about household management.

She is less interested in the "glories of blood and State" than in new gadgets for the kitchen, and is happiest when she can investigate such problems as why the price of vegetables at Chatsworth, say, differs from that at Sandringham.

☆ ☆ ☆

AND this intense practicability she brings into her public work. She is as industrious as a bee and as precise as an accountant. If you have the duty of showing her over an exhibition she wants to know every detail. She is not there to pass the time: she is there to learn a lesson.

If you appeal to her to help a movement, you will promptly receive a set of principles according to which she works. If your movement comes within those principles, she will help. If not, she will not.

She is not only generous with her money but with her time, and takes elaborate pains in the distribution of sums placed in her hands for benevolent purposes—always specifying that such money must not be known as coming through her. Her interest in social questions is ceaseless, and her friendship with that great woman, Mary Macarthur, was one of the deep influences on her life.

A great character, a great woman and a great Queen. Let us salute the Victorianism that gave her to us.

Life and Times of King George

In the centre pages of this week's issue JOHN BULL announces an opportunity for every reader to secure a copy of the first complete illustrated work to be produced on the life and times of King George.

It is a beautiful and dignified volume—a lasting memento—which will occupy the place of honour in the homes of all who are fortunate enough to possess it. It is produced in a superb "De Luxe" edition only, and is offered at the *special price of* 3s. 9d., *plus* 1s. *to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*

This work contains hundreds of beautiful pictures, including many full-page plates, of the most outstanding events of King George's life. There is a special section devoted to an impressive record of the funeral scenes. The work is printed throughout in photogravure and contains 255 pages.

The demand will be so great that to make certain of your copy you must turn to the centre pages and fill in and post your Application Forms with remittance at once.

Mrs. Thomas likes

the home programmes and confesses to a *penchant* for Henry Hall and the Dance Bands. So that when her husband talked about getting a Ferranti All-Wave Receiver she imagined that in future she would be hearing programmes in every tongue but her own. But now that they actually have their new Ferranti and she can get all the stations she used to get with greater ease and certainty, and with more faithful reproduction than ever before, she is quite reconciled to the idea; and it's such a good-looking set, gleaming there in the corner of the sitting-room.

Mr. Thomas, on the other hand, is something of a carpet-slipper Columbus. He likes to go globe-trotting in search of entertainment, and this Ferranti All-Wave Receiver, including as it does the 19–51 waveband, allows him to indulge his hobby to the full. Now he can listen to programmes he has never heard before, including world-wide propaganda in English from many continental stations — Italy, the Vatican, Germany, Russia and the League of Nations — stations *not receivable at all* on ordinary sets. He can also eavesdrop on the amateurs who broadcast on this wave-band, while on Sundays he can leave the home programmes, both day and night, for entertainment from farther afield. Every evening he roams the world at will, culling his entertainment from many different countries — until he catches his wife's eye and remembers that he promised *faithfully* to be back home in England in time for Henry Hall.

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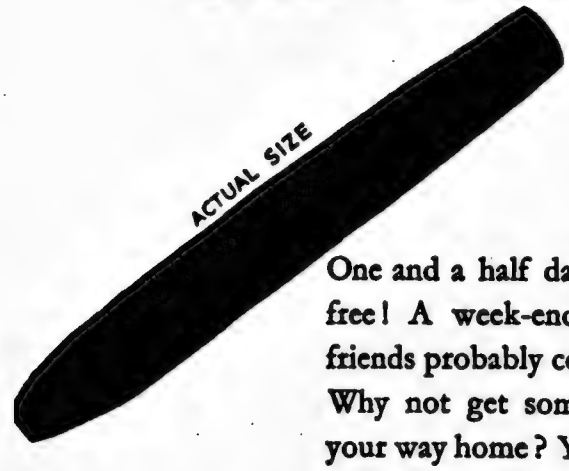

One and a half days absolutely free! A week-end at home—friends probably coming round. Why not get some Whiffs on your way home? You've surely earned a *luxury* smoke.

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W.W.17.

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This man leaves home early and comes back late. He's out in all weathers, and yet keeps as 'fit as a fiddle.' What is his secret? He takes Bourn-vita. This delicious food-drink gives him sound sleep at night, and a new store of energy to carry him through the hard day ahead. Bourn-vita keeps him fit, and gives him that 'on your toes' feeling that is now called 'Bourn-vitality.'

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'My son has to ride 12 miles to his work as a telephone engineer, and 12 miles home at night over a very exposed road, and he finds your Bourn-vita a great help. He has to leave home very early in the morning and is often very late returning and I always have his Bourn-vita ready for him both night and morning and he attributes his absence from colds this winter to its use. I shall continue to use it for my family as I consider I have proved its great value both as a food and tonic.' *M. R.*

AND YOU.. *Is last night's* **BOURN-VITA** *helping you now?*

Panel Dentists Scandal

Incredible Fight for Rights

A DENTIST, with a record of thirty-five years' professional work and an extensive practice in three South Wales towns, has brought a particularly interesting case to the notice of JOHN BULL.

Submitting his evidence and dossier of documents, the dentist makes the following statement:

"I have read from time to time expositions of how the Ministry of Health and panel patients have been badly treated by doctors, chemists and dentists, but one hears very little of how these professional men can be treated by the 'autocrats' appointed to arbitrate in matters of dispute.

"It is the cause of the dentists of which I wish to write, and my own experience in particular, although there are other dentists who would rather submit to the treatment I am about to describe than run the risk of further persecution and loss which the arbitrators can apply to anyone who dares to oppose their decision."

Far-reaching effect

Now that is, of course, the declaration of an individual labouring under a considerable sense of grievance. He is on the losing side, and feels that he has been unjustly wronged. Whether that is so can be judged when the facts are fully set down.

We have investigated the problem of alleged injustice presented to us because:

It indirectly affects every dentist in the land who accepts patients under the National Health Insurance scheme.

And also touches on the rights of the 700,000 people who annually receive dental benefit through their approved societies.

Moreover, it brings to public notice the operation of the machinery—which few panel patients ever trouble to understand—set up by the Ministry of Health for the protection of all parties to national insurance.

Broken in brawl

Here, therefore, is a précis of the whole trouble. Three years ago, the dentist provided an insured patient with a set of dentures. Apparently the patient was well satisfied, for he wore the false teeth for two years without complaint.

Then he had the misfortune to break them as the result of a street dispute.

As to the cause of the breakage there appears to be no reasonable doubt. The dentist has the admission of the patient and also the testimony of other witnesses.

Application was made by the patient to his approved society for the dentures to be mended. An estimate for the cost of this work was secured from the dentist, and then the matter was passed over to the Regional Dental Officer, who is on the staff of the Ministry of Health, for his consideration.

Following an interview with the patient, the Regional Dental Officer reported that, in his opinion, the breakage was due to faulty construction, and consequently the teeth should be remodelled by the dentist without charge.

Full report

Having in his possession a paper signed by the patient that the dentures had been satisfactory and were broken as the "result of an accident," the dentist refused to do this fresh work for nothing.

The next step was for the approved society to send this difference of opinion to a Reference Committee, appointed by the Dental Benefit Council, which is the body controlling all disputes under the dental scheme of health insurance.

The committee composed of two representatives of approved societies, two dentists, and an independent chairman, met in South Wales.

Foolishly, from his point of view, the "defendant" dentist did not appear in person. But he went to the trouble of preparing a full report of his case in writing for the consideration of the committee.

By his non-attendance the dentist lost the opportunity of cross-examining witnesses before the committee, and of bringing out the vital point—on which he had ample supporting evidence—that the dentures were broken in a fight.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, whom we invite to review this astounding case

As a result the Reference Committee decided against the dentist. He was informed that he must repair the dentures for nothing.

Once again the dentist, fired by principle and because he thought he was being made a victim, carried the dispute a further stage. He laid his grievance before the Appeals Committee of the Dental Benefit Council.

This body sits at Artillery House, Victoria, London, and disputants are permitted to engage legal representatives to appear on their behalf. It is obvious therefore that properly to carry an appeal to the Council entails considerable expenditure.

Living in South Wales, and having a large daily practice on his hands, the dentist found it impossible to attend before the committee in London.

Unfair

He was content—again perhaps foolishly—to lay all the relevant documents and another very full report before the Appeals Committee.

In his own mind, he argued: "There is ample evidence to show that the dentures were broken in a fight. I cannot believe that the supreme Appeals Committee will follow the decision of the local Reference Committee. The breakage was in no sense my fault."

Again the dentist failed. The Appeals Committee at their session in London confirmed the previous finding.

The dentist was ordered to make good the damage at his own expense.

And there the matter stands. The dentist *must* do what he is told, otherwise he runs the grave risk of being proclaimed by the Ministry of Health as a professional man unfitted to carry out the provisions of dental benefit under National Health Insurance.

Thus he is caught in a cleft stick. He must do something which he honestly believes is wrong and unjust, or suffer heavy financial loss.

No further appeal

For his principles he fought, and has been adjudged "guilty." He has no further right of appeal.

The actual cost of the repair to the broken dentures is of no consequence—a few pounds at most. It is the principle which aggrieves the South Wales dentist.

"I was not responsible for the breakage, whatever may be said," he reiterates. "Why should I be made to pay for it?"

We would commend this particular case to the attention of the Minister of Health in the interests of the whole dental profession.

The machinery to settle disputes in those health insurance difficulties is, no doubt, admirable in cases of a certain class, but if it is capable of operating to the disadvantage of a practitioner with an unblemished professional record of thirty-five years, we think the time has come for searching revision of procedure.

Official figures, however, seem to indicate that in all disputes the decisions are preponderingly against the dentists.

During the last year, for which returns are available, the local Reference Committees decided against dentists in no fewer than 313 instances. Dentists were successful in only 41 cases.

Truly a remarkable comparison.

And on that comparison we end the story in the confident expectation that the case we have detailed above will be carefully reviewed to ensure that the dentist in question shall not be penalised for something for which he was in no way responsible.

TWO PROFESSORS *of* SPOOF

FORTUNE-TELLING, astrology and the occult exercise a fascination over a wide number of people, and it is for that reason that certain charlatans are quick to exploit their interest for personal gain.

One who is especially active just now names himself "Professor" Elroy, and specialises in the casting and delineation of what he calls "Nativity" charts, by means of a system of his own, based on the study of many thousands of horoscopes.

Until recently, the "Professor" was actively engaged soliciting fees through the medium of wide-scale advertising that depicted a bearded individual whom it was suggested "Should be your Counsellor and Friend."

According to his circularised leaflet, Elroy was successful in advising readers in Cheltenham, Bath, Lincoln, Birkenhead, Beckenham, and many other places.

At first he operated from Albemarle Street, London, charging sixpence or one shilling for his services; but he has lately transferred his headquarters to 65, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, where he has blossomed forth much more ambitiously.

He now calls his organisation the Académie Elroy, and a Leeds reader has been favoured with an invitation to send him a postal-order for 5s., in return for an "Annual Reading" and "Lunar Guide."

Elroy requires, as usual, full name and address, date and year of birth, hour (if known), and birthplace; and the fees he is seeking may be remitted either by international money-order or by cheque.

Professor Elroy is obviously a seasoned hand at battening on the credulity of others, and his circulars should be dropped into the fire.

Another poetal astrologer to blossom forth with a new effort is our old friend Professor El Tanah, the self-styled "exalted mystic" of Jersey, Channel Islands.

He is now favouring people in England with free copies of a publication entitled "Twentieth Century Astrology," which, devoted chiefly to boosting his chosen art, is expressly recommended to those who doubt his powers.

"I can help you materially," he declares, "by warning you of dangers to come: I can tell you when your best opportunities will occur, and how best to grasp them."

This he follows with a request to be allowed to unlock the gates of the future and set his clients safely on the path towards the goal of their personal ambitions.

Love, courtship, marriage ties, speculation, and many other matters fall within his elastic scope of prophecy; but those who are wise will swallow his fantastic claims with more than a grain of salt.

He is an arrant humbug who should be left severely alone.

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Grim HOSPITAL Mystery

—A BOY'S DEATH TO PROBE

ONCE again we are faced with the unpleasant duty of drawing attention to shortcomings in hospital administration; but the public will agree, when it has read the following tragic story, that the facts are too disquieting to be allowed to pass without comment.

A family in Kidderminster has suffered a terrible bereavement by the death of an only son, aged eight years, and the tragic events which led up to the death of this little boy, John Gavin Ryman, need telling because they explain why, even now, a year after his death, his mother is broken in health as a result.

It was in November, 1934, that Gavin Ryman's mother mentioned to the family doctor that the boy was a little run down, and that he had had bronchitis, although he was not suffering from it at the time.

"They won't keep me in long, mummy," were little Gavin's parting words as he entered hospital; but he was destined never to return

Quite sound

The doctor suggested that the boy should go to the Kidderminster General Hospital for an X-ray examination and observation, a suggestion to which the parents agreed.

On November 26, little Gavin Ryman ran up the path to the hospital door, laughing and calling out to his mother: "They won't keep me in long, mummy."

Ten days later the parents were advised that the radiologist's report stated that the boy's lungs were quite sound and that there was no sign whatever of disease.

He had been most carefully watched throughout the ten days, and had not had a temperature.

The family doctor then suggested that the boy should remain in the hospital for a further week to receive sun-ray treatment which would improve his health. Once again the parents, anxious to do what was best for their only child, agreed, and Gavin Ryman was allowed to remain.

Then, after a few days, to their great consternation and distress, the parents received a letter from the matron of the hospital with this startling announcement:

"Your little boy has developed scarlet fever and is being removed to the Isolation Hospital."

Tragedy

The effect of this shock may well be imagined, but it was presumed that as the boy had been under constant observation and the illness had been taken in good time, all would be well.

Five days later the unhappy parents were called to the Isolation Hospital and told that the boy was "septic all over."

Ten days later, this eight-year-old boy, who had run laughing into the General Hospital, lay dead beneath the grim, corrugated iron roof of the Kidderminster Isolation Hospital!

On the death certificate the cause was given as (1) scarlet fever, (2) chronic pulmonary catarrh.

The actual circumstances which led up to the sudden infection and death of this child have never been thoroughly investigated.

Certainly he received an injection at the Kidderminster General Hospital, but five other children were similarly treated at the same time. Shortly afterwards the condition of the patient who had then been removed to the Isolation Hospital was described as "septic all over."

It was not surprising that the parents of the dead boy have attempted by all means in their power to investigate the mysterious circumstances which surround the death of their only son. As a result of their protracted fight to get justice done, the bereaved mother has suffered a serious breakdown in health and is still under medical care.

An unfortunate incident which did nothing to improve the health of the mother occurred when she went to the Kidderminster General Hospital and made a polite request to be allowed to see the X-ray photographs taken of her son, for which she was prepared to pay a fee.

She was kept waiting for a considerable time. Then, to her surprise, an inspector of the police appeared in the doorway and invited her to go home. So, in full view of the people gathered in the outpatients' department, the sorrowing and perplexed mother was escorted out of the hospital by the uniformed inspector of police.

Natural request

It is hard to understand this method of dealing with a bereaved mother who had made a perfectly natural request; but it is not surprising that these unhappy experiences have contributed to her breakdown in health.

We have dealt with the unfortunate death of Gavin Ryman at some length, because it focuses attention on the health services of the town of Kidderminster. These have been a subject for heated discussion for many months past.

Much of the discussion and a disquieting number of complaints have rested on the Kidderminster Isolation Hospital, to which victims of recent outbreaks of scarlet fever and diphtheria have been sent.

Something wrong

At one recent meeting of the Kidderminster Town Council, a member declared that no less than eleven patients had died out of a total of sixty-four! At the same meeting the Mayor expressed the opinion that this hospital should have been either rebuilt or shut down twenty years ago!

During the prolonged debate in which Dr. J. R. Craig, the Medical Officer of Health, took part, it was difficult to find anyone who had a word to say in favour of the wretched little building which is known as the Kidderminster Isolation Hospital.

Something has been radically wrong with organisation for many months past, and it is no secret that there has been considerable trouble among the staff.

The internal affairs of the hospital had been upset by, among other things, quarrelling and disagreement among new nurses and local nurses. Some of the latter, according to an alderman, had no previous hospital experience.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Kidderminster Town Council has decided to close down the Isolation Hospital at an early date, when patients will be transferred to another hospital at Hayley Green.

This extremely belated decision is a step in the right direction and is all very well so far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough.

A local councillor said recently that he had "both concern for those who were forced to send their children to the hospital and sympathy with those who had lost relatives."

But sympathy is not enough either. The whole of the hospital and health services of the town in general, and the tragedy of young Gavin Ryman's death in particular, must be subjected to searching official enquiry.

To leave the distracted parents completely in the dark as to the true circumstances of their son's infection and death seems unnecessarily cruel.

And in the interests of everyone concerned this grim mystery should be probed to the bottom.

• *Write to*

JOHN BULL

About it!

Radium Martyr's Ordeal

THE pioneers of discovery and research who encounter unknown dangers in combating disease are all too often victims of niggardly treatment and neglect.

One of the most tragic cases recently brought to our notice is that of Mr. Ernest Richard Ross, of Ashvale Road, London, who went to the Radium Institute from the regular Army more than twenty years ago.

During practically eighteen years Mr. Ross was handling that mineral we call radium every working day, and now he is suffering from an incurable ailment in consequence.

When he first went to the Radium Institute, nobody knew very much about radium. Doctors and scientists had made certain successful experiments, but the disease called "radium dermatitis," which seizes everybody who constantly handles it, was then quite unknown.

Warts and "corns" on the fingers and split fingernails were regarded as being ordinary things to which most people are liable, and it was not until Mr. Ross had been working in the "institute" for more than fifteen years that the attention of Sir Kingsley Wood was attracted to his bandaged hand.

The result was that an index finger was amputated, and soon afterwards, one after the other, all the pioneers were found to be afflicted.

When the effects of working with radium were first discovered, nurses, laboratory assistants and doctors alike were assembled and warned; but too late, for the dreaded dermatitis had already seized the veterans—without exception.

Not until 1931 was a scheme for pensions launched, and then it was too late for Mr. Ross, for his health was breaking, he was unable to carry on. He was compelled to resign his post, and for a time he lived on his savings.

A job with a doctor in private practice lasted till his health broke down a second time. The Staff Benefit Fund of the Radium Institute found Mr. Ross a sum of £115, but there could be no question of a permanent allowance.

* * *

Under the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act, the Radium Institute in due course paid him a further amount of £220—from which he paid the bulk of the costs of pursuing his claim.

But neither of these financial awards has afforded him any lasting relief from anxiety.

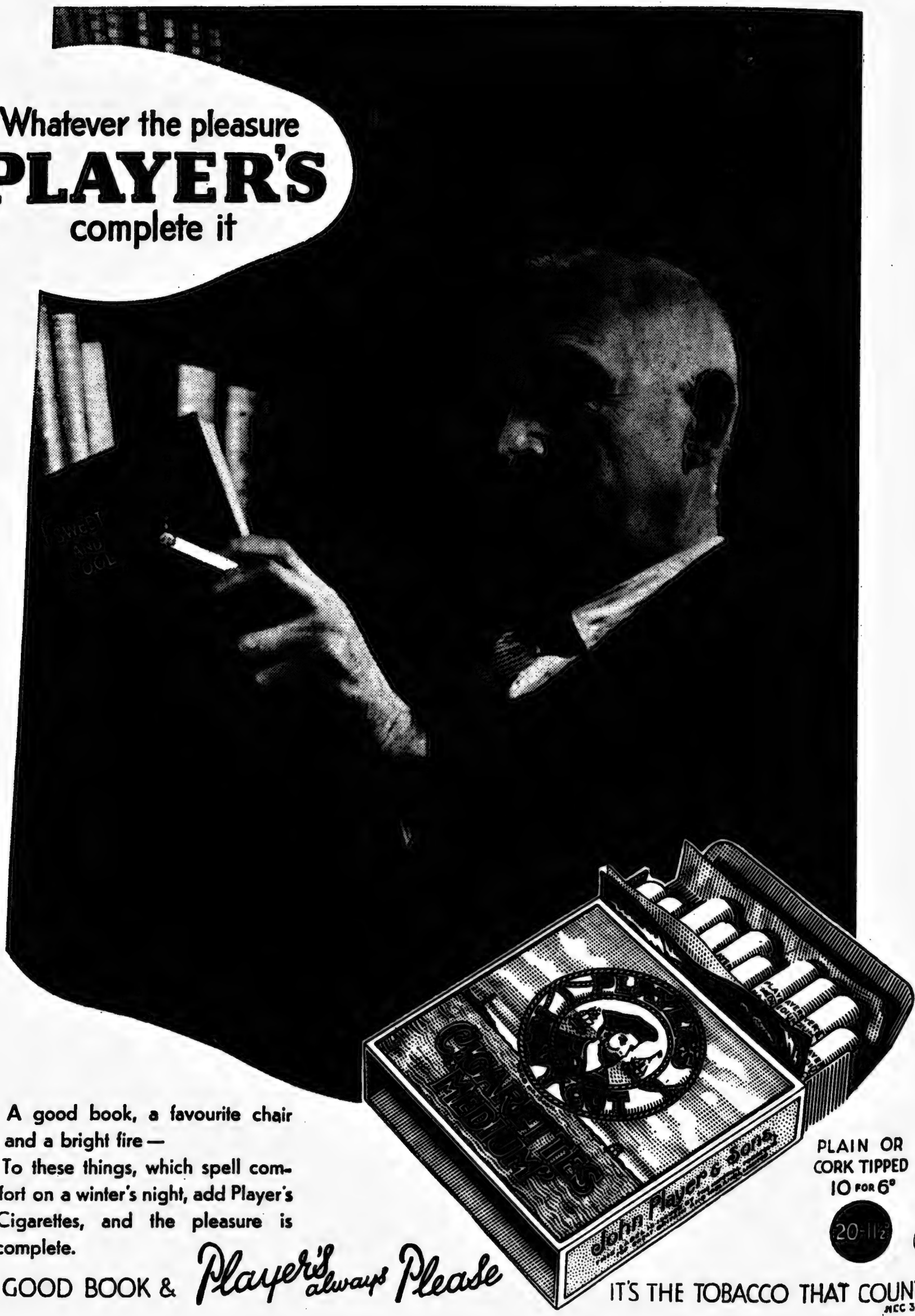
He is partially disabled; his health is permanently injured; he is unemployed.

In his fiftieth year, Mr. Ross can look back upon a lifetime of service that began when he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1903; yet he looks forward to the future with trepidation and anxiety, one of the martyrs whose names will never go down in history.

Whatever the pleasure

PLAYER'S

complete it



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His Late Majesty King George V. *Photo by Vandyk*

TO COMMEMORATE A GREAT LIFE AND A GREAT REIGN

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This announcement will not be repeated. This is your ONLY opportunity to secure this unique and permanent pictorial record of the Life and Times of King George V, covering a period of over 70 eventful years.

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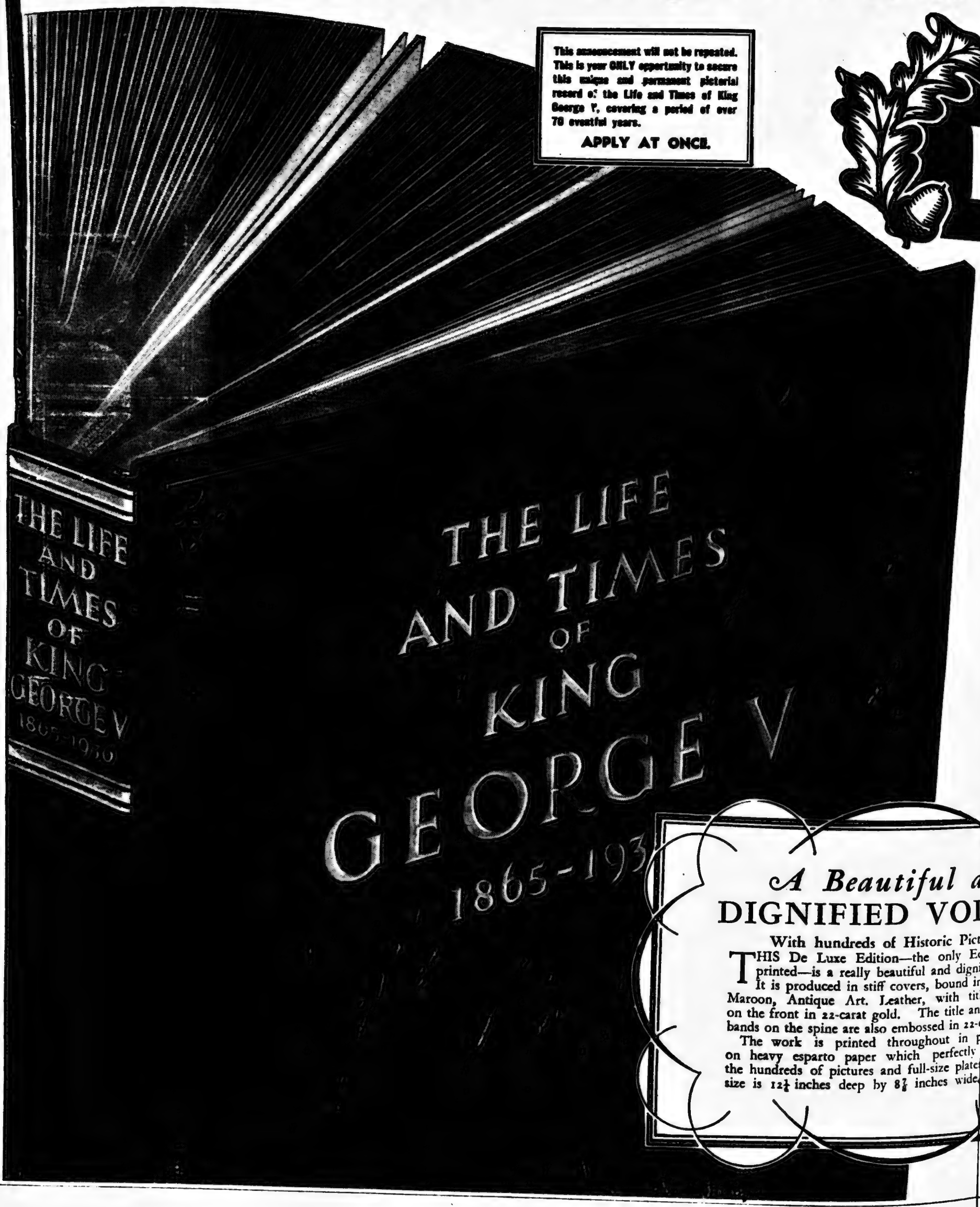

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memento of a much-loved King

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING GEORGE V

1865 – 1936

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK

JOHN BULL this week provides every one of its readers with an opportunity to secure "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING GEORGE V"—the first complete illustrated work to be produced on the life and times of the monarch whose wisdom and courage inspired his people throughout 25 of the most eventful years in History. This historic work, which is entirely new throughout, has been specially compiled to meet the national desire for a beautiful memorial volume. It is now on the press and distribution will commence as soon as copies are available. Because this is a work that every home will wish to possess as a permanent memento of a remarkable reign and a much-loved King, "John Bull" has arranged for it to be available in a "DE LUXE" Edition only, at the special price of 3/9, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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Owing to the demand which is sure to follow this announcement, and to the special publishing arrangements that will be necessary, applications should be sent in at once.

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THE BELOVED KING

From "John Bull" to its Readers

EVER in touch with the hearts of its readers, and ever ready to serve their needs, "John Bull," knowing that they are seeking for their homes some worthy memento of His Late Majesty, has produced a dignified and beautiful work which it knows every one of its readers will want to own and cherish — "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING GEORGE V," 1865-1936.

This work, *which has been specially compiled for the purpose,* will be sought by every man and woman. It will be treasured through generation after generation as a living record of a great and much-loved Monarch who during his momentous reign was an inspiration to all his peoples.

In placing this opportunity before its readers, "John Bull" calls attention to the need for immediate application. This historic Work is now on the press, and copies will be distributed in strict rotation as soon as they are available. *Application should be made without delay,* as directed on the Forms on the preceding page.

Please turn NOW to the preceding pages

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS

IMPUDENT RAMP on FAMOUS ACTORS

FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I AM telling this story as an excellent example of how the investigation department of JOHN BULL is able to safeguard the public from being shamefully exploited.

The other day I received information that a number of stage celebrities were being invited to support a new charitable enterprise known as the National Children's Relief Organisation, of Lower Regent Street, London.

My suspicions were at once aroused by the unusual method of approach that was being practised. An individual named James C. McCune presented himself at the stage-door of a well-known theatre in the West End of London where a play is in its eighth successful month, and handed in a number of letters addressed to distinguished members of the cast.

"I have ventured to call this evening trusting that you may grant me a few minutes' interview," one typical letter runs. *"I know that your time is limited, therefore I give my reasons for seeking an interview. I beg to be permitted to ask if you would honour this Organisation with a donation towards our Children's Winter Appeal Fund.*

"However small the donation may be, it will leave us indebted to you for your kindness. Trusting you will see me and wishing you further success.

Mr. Emlyn Williams, the famous actor-playwright, is one of several stage celebrities favoured with McCune's impudent appeals

Among the people thus approached are Dame May Whitty, D.B.E., the famous actress, and Mr. Emlyn Williams, the well-known actor-playwright. A more impudent attempt to exploit the generosity of stage celebrities can rarely have been made, for investigation shows the charity concerned to be a preposterous sham.

Thwarted

I am glad indeed that prompt action has enabled me to frustrate this particular effort, and I now hasten to issue a general warning.

My discoveries in connection with the National Children's Relief Organisation more than confirm the need I have so often stressed for tightening up the regulations governing charitable bodies.

The National Children's Relief Organisation was launched from an office in Lower Regent Street, London, with little more than a typewriter, a telephone number, a telegraphic address and an honorary appeal secretary.

Two girl typists were secured from an employment bureau, and entrusted with the task of sending out batches of letters to persons in all parts of the country requesting subscriptions.

Meanwhile, various commercial firms and manufacturers were approached with requests for toys, confectionery and so forth.

One letter sent out ran as follows:—

"This organisation hopes to be in a position to provide some 3,000 children living in the distressed areas of London with dinners, toys, food and confectionery.

"We find it will almost be impossible to carry out our full programme unless we can secure further donations; therefore I am forced to take this step in appealing to you to help in this cause.

"However small the donation may be, it will help to bring a little happiness and delight to these children, who are so much dependent on us. A cheque or a postal order made payable either to the Appeal Secretary or to the N.C.R.O. would leave us indebted to you for your kindness. Trusting this letter will meet with your immediate attention. . . ."

A good deal might be said about that letter—which is one of some 8,000 that have been despatched. It bears the stamp of the genius who knows how to secure donations from sympathetically disposed persons. It has a note of restrained pathos, and it rings with sincerity.

When I began to look for the foundations of the National Children's Relief Organisation my suspicions were fully confirmed.

One-man show

As I have remarked, the headed notepaper is impressive, and the request for all correspondence to be addressed to the secretary might occasion no misgiving; but an ominous factor is the complete absence of any governing body or committee of any kind.

This high-sounding venture has no bankers and no accountants. All its affairs are in the hands of one individual—a Mr. Jas. C. McCune.

In setting up this charitable enterprise, Mr. McCune may have been inspired by a most laudable desire to assist in the alleviation of distress; but events which have followed its birth hardly support that view.

The National Children's Relief Organisation in his own private concern, which came into being when he secured offices in Lower Regent Street, London, a few weeks ago.

No room

I have commented on mushroom "charities" of this kind so frequently that I need not labour the objections to their existence.

It is sufficient to say that charitable authorities quite rightly frowned upon Mr. McCune's audacious attempt to raise funds for his new one-man concern which overlaps ground already efficiently covered by soundly established institutions.

Mr. McCune was therefore advised that it would be prudent to close down his society, though not before he had received a number of donations and a supply of parcels and toys.

That there was good justification for such advice is apparent when I reveal that at the end of the first week, when his staff looked for their wages, they were turned away without a penny!

Yet at this stage in his venture McCune had the impertinence to hand his assistants collecting boxes with instructions to go out into the streets and induce the public to support his "organisation."

The girls who were employed by the National Children's Relief Organisation knew that no official permit had been obtained for street collections, and when one of them consulted a police constable she was advised to "keep moving."

With the staff unpaid and the landlord clamouring for his rent, the headquarters of the National Children's Relief Organisation were now closed. The women who cleaned the offices did not receive their wages; even the milkman was left unpaid.

Thus, to all intents and purposes, the National Children's Relief Organisation went out of existence, unauthorised and unregistered, with none responsible.

All that is known about its achievements is that certain parcels of toys and foodstuffs were distributed. How much money it collected, or how it was applied, are questions which the organiser alone can answer.

McCune informed one enquirer that he intended to prepare a balance-sheet at the end of six months, and there the matter stands.

Yet he has proved himself to be a peculiarly insistent hunter for subscriptions, for a few days after the doors of his offices were finally closed he called there to gather in any letters that might contain money.

Official veto

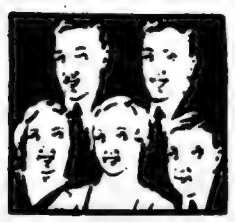
And it was actually a week after his venture had failed so disastrously that he presented himself at the stage-door of a well-known theatre and, as I have described, there left letters, written on the printed notepaper of his defunct charity.

Such flagrant efforts by promoters of ill-founded and spurious enterprises cast reflection on sincere appeals and make the work of genuine societies difficult. That is why I have no hesitation in again urging the necessary legislation that will prevent these scandalous schemes to hoodwink the public.

I am well aware that such measures have been under official consideration for some time, but the months drift by without anything tangible being done, so it is small wonder that people like McCune continue to launch appeals for charities that are bogus in every sense.

The Human Machine

When Fools Laugh



THERE is a mild form of practical joking indulged in by those who have nothing better to do, known as "taking a rise" out of someone. They tease their victim, usually with a good deal of solemnity, until at last he loses his temper. When that happens the joke is over. The fish has risen to the bait. Whatever amusement this gives the tormentor has been afforded.

The art of not losing one's temper, of not rising to the bait of jeers and sneers is a great one. Those who have learned it go right ahead. There is nothing stands a man in greater stead in life than an invincibility of temper, a rigid self-control that—no matter what he may be really thinking or feeling inside—enables him to disguise his emotions from the world.

If, whenever you contemplate doing something, you first ask: "But will people laugh at me?" you had better abandon whatever idea you are cherishing. You are beaten before you start. If you even waste a thought over what other people will or will not say, you are done. For, sooner or later, you will meet those jeers and sneers, that laughter and scorn, and you will crumple up before it like a reed in the wind.

You'll only forge ahead if you don't care a jot what people say or think—always provided you are convinced that your course of action is right. And why should you care? Isn't it a great deal better to satisfy your own soul and your own conscience, than to try and satisfy a thousand consciences belonging to a thousand other people?

When fools laugh and jeer at you for attempting to do something that you feel is right, you can be sorry to see such a number of fools around you while at the same time feeling mighty pleased that they consider you an outlaw from their tribe! There's not the least need to join them and become a life-member of one of the biggest families on earth!

You have something better to do than to trouble yourself about other people's mirth. Let those laugh who will. You get on with your job, and do all you know to make a success of it. The more unresponsive you are, the quicker they'll stop laughing. There's no fun in laughing at someone who doesn't hear you!

GOD BLE

THIS week the ashes of King George V were laid to rest with those of his forefathers, and to-day the nation is living under a new monarch. "The King is dead: long live the King." What of the new King, so long known to us as the Prince of Wales, henceforth to be known to us and to history as Edward VIII?

It has been said by one of his biographers that as Prince of Wales he had no ambition to wear the Crown, and that he would have preferred the life of a private citizen.

That is not difficult to believe. There is an amiable idea, encouraged by the nursery rhyme, that the crown of happiness is to be a King, and that to be pursued day and night by crowds and pressmen and photographers and bowing officials is the best career life has to offer.

Privacy denied

In fact, of course, Kingship is about the hardest and most undesirable of all callings. It is denied the two greatest blessings which the humblest of us enjoy—liberty and privacy.

A King is a prisoner of State from the cradle to the grave. In Hamlet's words, he cannot, "as unvalued persons do, carve for himself." Even so personal an affair as his marriage is dictated by State reasons, and if he doesn't marry, forty million people discuss the reason why.

He is shadowed by guardians, fawned upon by flunkeys, and condemned to a life of publicity and formality among a ceaseless mob of strangers whom he has never seen before and may never see again.

And all the time he must give the impression that he is the happiest and most enviable of men. For it is the first duty of royalty never to be bored, never to look as though they were tired of the sight of our faces, weary of "God Save the King," dying to be left in peace occasionally to do what they want in the way they want without being mobbed as if they were the bearded woman or the two-headed man at a fair.

Appetite for life

It would not be surprising, therefore, if the biographer was right. And I recall more than one occasion when Edward VIII, in the days of his apprenticeship, has fled from the limelight and the public adulation as if he could bear no more and must get into an atmosphere where he could breathe freely and peacefully.

But this does not mean that he shirks his job or fears it. He does neither. His public activities during the last twenty years have been multitudinous and ceaseless, and they have been performed with a punctuality, an efficiency, and a good humour that have won universal admiration.

But it does mean that Edward VIII is a much more mettlesome, and perhaps incalculable, personality than his father or his grandfather.

Edward VII had an enormous appetite for life, inexhaustible content, and was never bored. No one who recalls his garden parties at Windsor will forget how he dominated the scene. He was like a royal sun beaming on all and scattering his largesse over the happy company.

And George V, with less natural *bonhomie*, had a quality of grit and an iron sense of duty that enabled him to carry his great office unfalteringly through twenty-five years of unparalleled strain.

Edward VIII is a horse of another mettle than either. He has none of that large ease and repose of his grandfather, or of the downright directness and finality of his father. He is sensitive, highly strung, with a certain tension of bearing that suggests an eagerness of spirit ceaselessly pulling at the rein.

Triumph of will

Observe him at one of the innumerable dinners or ceremonial occasions at which he is speaking—the play of the features, the restless movement of the hands now adjusting the quite impeccable tie, now fingering the faultless cuffs. You would say that he does not enjoy the task. And you would probably be right.

But you are delighted at the triumph of his will over his natural and engaging diffidence. The voice has emotion in it, but it is firm and resonant, and the utterance, like his father's, is beautifully free from the accent of class or the superior person.

Incidentally (and this is most important in these days, and especially for one in his position) his voice has the same broadcasting quality which made his father so effective on the wireless. I think this important because it assures him the same direct and intimate contact with the nation which was so largely responsible for George V's extraordinary popularity towards the end of his life. It made him the People's King in a sense never before realised.

"He enters into Kingship with gifts not unequal to the task—a chivalrous nature, a generous heart, a passionate love for the people, and his father's stern sense of duty"

His best company

To finish with this matter of speech-making, it is often suggested that Edward VIII has help in the preparation of his speeches. That must be so, for he is called upon to speak on a multitude of subjects about which he cannot possibly be an authority.

But it is not true that even on these occasions he is simply "saying a piece." He is insistent on making the speech his own in substance and in form, and though he is denied the freedom of expression that "unvalued persons" enjoy, he not infrequently amends his text on the platform or at the dinner table to bring it within the spirit of the occasion.

His most conspicuous gift is that elusive thing called charm. It is not the calculated charm of the *charmeur* of the Bulow type. It is a spontaneous quality that springs from a naturally sympathetic and friendly spirit. Like his father, he is most at home with plain, unpretentious people, is repelled by affectation in any form, and is remote from the tastes of the intelligentsia.

He cultivates no illusions about himself or his office. He is an official of the State, and knows it. The divine right of Kings and the High Mightiness of the ex-Kaiser have no meaning for him. He has not lived through the world-shaking events of the last twenty years without learning the lesson of the frail tenure even of Kings. "I am the fashion to-day," he once said gaily. "But it won't last."

This is much more in the spirit of William III than of William his uncle. "Yes, hosannas to-day," said that great founder of English liberties, "but 'Crucify him!' to-morrow." This salutary sense of the power behind the throne is the thing that has preserved our monarchy in the general overthrow. If we ever had a High Mightiness of the Kaiser type he would fall as the Kaiser fell, and with equal ruin to ourselves. Edward VIII, with his wholesome sense of realities, is unlikely to depart from the strict tradition of his father.

The years of the war were the formative period of his life. He went into it a boy, extraordinarily young even for his nineteen years. He emerged from it, still boyish in appearance, but with his habits formed and his intimate manner marked by the ease and freedom of camp life.

"David"

If his intellectual gifts in a scholastic sense were not remarkable, they were sufficient. He had received his education at Eton and later at Oxford, and though not bookish or classical had shown taste for history and modern languages. In his home, where he was known as David, he was subject to a rigorous discipline. It was not the tyrannical oversight that made the

Save the Mothers!

The fourth article in this series will be published next week. Owing to the death of King George, the third article appeared only in a part of last week's edition of JOHN BULL. *A brief summary of it will therefore be embodied in next week's article.*

ESS HIM!

by A. G. GARDINER

young life of Edward VII a misery. But it was severe enough. His father had the strict discipline of the sea in his bones, and he exercised it in the case of his children in the manner of the quarter-deck. Even in later life any breach of that discipline—such as arriving late at an engagement—was visited with a rebuke that indicated that the Admiral would tolerate no slackness in his subordinates.

At Oxford his irruption was something of a trial to the erudite sanctities of the place, and one of "Max's" most brilliant cartoons pictures the solemn dons in quad resolutely gazing heavenwards in order to be unaware of the presence in their midst of the young heir to the Throne.

"I have brothers"

And it is on record that the undergraduates of Balliol adopted the device of pouring water from the windows above on the crowd that had assembled in the street below to see the Prince go into lectures.

But it was in the war that he asserted himself. Indeed, he asserted himself in getting to war. The voice of the Household was against his going into the trenches, and the voice of Kitchener was against it. Those who heard his arguments with Kitchener agree that when the latter pointed out the danger of the heir to the Throne being shot, his retort was: "What does it matter if I am shot. I have four brothers."

To this acute and high-spirited reply Kitchener retorted: "Think of the difficulties of the Allies if you happen to get taken prisoner."

How he parried this consideration is not recorded, but he got his way, went into the trenches, became a staff captain, and when it was all over he said proudly: "In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood."

In this episode the dominant feature of his character is revealed. It is the love of movement, action, adventure. He is not contemplative or reflective, but intuitive, impulsive and eager.

Slight of figure — he weighs little over 9 stone —he keeps himself in perfect physical condition by rigorous exercises and watches any tendency to put on flesh with the anxiety of a jockey.

His courage borders on bravado—"Haven't I still brothers?" he seems to say—and his passion for horsemanship led him to ride horses too powerful for a man of his weight, with the result that he sustained a series of accidents at steeplechasing and in the hunting field which only ended when the subject had become a matter of such public concern that the Government was asked to intervene.

But it is difficult to keep such feverish activity out of the danger zone, and he compromised by throwing himself with his customary ardour into aviation, which is not precisely the safest way of getting about.

Wide traveller

It was characteristic of him that he flew to London after his father's death, and I suppose there were many who felt that, however urgent the business, the presence of the new King and the next heir to the Throne in the same aeroplane involved—shall we say?—possibilities.

After all, accidents do happen to aeroplanes, and the public does not forget that the second in succession to the Throne is a little maiden of very tender years.

In a word, we feel much more comfortable when we know that the new King is allaying his fever of action by heroic attempts to reduce his handicap at golf and in less perilous fields.

In one important essential Edward VIII comes to the Throne with a more complete equipment than any predecessor.

He is the most travelled King in history and has a personal, first-hand knowledge of the world that should be invaluable.

George V's voyagings were more prolonged, but they were the voyagings of a sailor, not a preparation for the Throne, and were limited to the Empire.

But Edward VIII has been welcomed in all lands, and wherever he has been his debonair personality has left behind memories of affection and esteem.

His bright iridescent spirit shares with the more mature merits of his father the credit for the remarkable prestige in which the British monarchy is held in the United States to-day.

How great that prestige is was illustrated in one of the last broadcasts of that famous American Will Rogers, in which half-humorously, half-seriously, he advised the American people to come in out of the wet under the Georgian umbrella.

And in South America the visits of Edward VIII as a sort of Prince Charming of romance are remembered with peculiar affection, in spite of one or two trifling negligences for which his entourage were more responsible than he was.

In all this he has qualified for the position that belongs to him and his office as the First Citizen of the World.

And for the immediate task to which he is called his attributes and his experience are equally adequate.

Anxiety dispelled

There is one particular, of course, present in all minds that leaves a certain blank. It is that referred to discreetly by *The Times* when it said "those who saw for the first time the solitary chair on the Throne in the House of Lords on Tuesday recognised in it a symbol of a new and more solitary responsibility for its destined occupant."

A bachelor King is so unusual an experience in our national life that it will be with some sense of loss that the public will adjust themselves to it.

They would be ungrateful indeed if they did not remember how much of the graces and humanities of our social and public life during the last two reigns was due to the two illustrious women who have shared the Throne.

To-day there is no Queen to occupy the Throne. But happily the influence of the able and devoted woman whose virtues did so much to ennoble the reign of George V will still be felt by the world and honoured by the King, her son.

With that influence about him, with the example of his father blazing the path before him, and with his own generous and enlightened spirit to direct his steps, there is no need to be unduly anxious about the new chapter that has opened in our history.

Loyalty

The sky abroad is troubled as it was when George V came to the Throne.

But at home it is free from anything like those great domestic crises —the Parliament Bill, Ireland, etc.— that confronted George V on the threshold of his accession. Thanks largely to him the perfect accommodation between the monarchy and the people has been reached. Edward VIII enters into a democratic Kingship such as, I suppose, the world has never seen before—certainly not on such a scale.

And he enters on it with gifts not unequal to the task—a chivalrous nature, a generous heart, an entire fredom from cant, a passionate love for the people, and especially the young, an indignation against wrong and, above all, we may believe, much of his father's stern sense of duty and loyalty to Parliament and the sovereign people.

That he has the good will and love of the nation with him, regardless of Party or creed, is written large in the events of the past ten days.

May that good will and love between King and People never be shadowed.

God bless him!

As Prince of Wales he showed a deep interest in the welfare of the workless. Here he is being conducted round one of the distressed areas, the unemployed man on his left being among his guides

Five to keep on £2·15·0 a week

Means you've got to get every ounce of nourishment out of meals

"That's why I always get Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. STUMP of London, W.C.2

"I always say it's part of a woman's job to find out the foods that do her family most good," says Mrs. Stump.

"WITH Dad, Mary, the two boys and myself to keep on £2.15.0 a week I've got to watch my food bills very closely. I always have to be thinking how to get more goodness out of our meals. I get Rowntree's Cocoa because I know it's the best kind for getting the nourishment out of other foods. It's more digestible too. Dad, who's got rather a weak stomach, finds it's much better for him."

That's sound commonsense, Mrs. Stump! And you're quite right about Rowntree's Cocoa. It *is* better for you than other cocoas — because it's made by a special pre-digestion process. This makes it more digestible itself — and it also helps your family to digest all their meals better. *It even makes milk three times as digestible!* Every woman with a family to bring up on a small income should try Rowntree's Cocoa.

FREE! BOY'S FOOTBALL

One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CB 13, Rowntree & Co. Ltd. The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Free Gift Coupons in every tin.

When the nurse left she fell at the foot of my bed sobbing

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

RUN OVER by Romance

IT is queer how a little thing can suddenly change the whole course of one's life. If I had been a little quicker in jumping out of the way of a motor-car one night seven years ago I should not be writing this story.

It is on board the *Mary Spooner*, a cargo boat homeward bound to Hull from Frisco, that the tale really begins. Many a long month we had been away from home.

As the ship crept up the long reaches of the Humber in the darkness of a February evening in 1929 many a homesick pair of eyes were staring into the haze, trying to distinguish the vague forms of wharves and landing-stages.

Here and there a ship was still unloading. The red glow from the crane furnaces glittered faintly across the surface of the water in a thin shimmering line.

Expectancy was in the heart of every one of us on board the *Mary*. For some it was for wife, fiancée, friends . . . For others just for Home. But to a few the word "Home" spelt not happiness but desolation and loneliness—a loneliness far more empty than ever the solitude of the heavens or the open seas.

Without friends, almost without relations, they had little to look forward to on shore, except a brief and glorious period with plenty of money to spend, followed by an unpleasant awakening to the hard facts of life—a ship had to be found, more money earned.

I was one of the lonely ones. Still, it would be good fun to be home. A sailor can always find "friends" when his pockets are full of money . . .

We berthed around ten, were paid off and went ashore. The next fortnight was spent in getting rid of the money I had earned with the sweat of my brow during the better part of the last year.

Then—"came the dawn." Work had to be found—and quickly. But this was easier said than done. For weeks I hung around the docks and shipping offices, hoping, hoping. My stomach was telling me distinctly that something drastic would have to be done soon . . .

After a few more days of fruitless waiting, and hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that something would "turn up," I decided on a bold step. Lorry drivers from the south had told me that plenty of good work and pay was to be had in London—even for a land-wrecked seaman.

So I set out to walk there.

I got lifts part of the early way, but the rest was just plain foot-slogging. And the miles went pretty slowly.

Then one morning I had an "accident." The sole of one of my shoes suddenly dropped clean off, and I found myself walking on the holes in my sock.

It was a nasty situation. Shoes *are* a help when you are on a 200-mile "hike." I bound the sole on again with string and made my way to the nearest house. There, by great good fortune, I managed to "earn" a pair of old shoes with four hours of wood chopping.

I think the lady of the house thought I looked so ferocious (with a six-days' beard!) that she hoped the shoes would soften my grisly heart and perhaps make me change my mind about murdering her.

I got no lifts at all that day, only a lot of sour looks and some curses. In the evening I spent a few coppers on a frugal supper of bread and cheese.

Then I left the village and started to look for a nice friendly haystack where I could spend the night. I wandered on, down lane after lane. Curious, I thought, in the morning and afternoon there were haystacks every quarter of a mile. In the evening, when I was tired out, there was not a single haystack to be seen anywhere. I wandered on and on and on, and round and round about, like the man in the song, but there was still nowhere to sleep.

I may have half dozed off, but at all events I failed to hear a car approach from behind. The headlamps warned me too late.

As I jumped aside the car hit me. I was flung to the side of the road, and a terrible pain shot through my leg. The car stopped, and a girl jumped out. She ran to where I was lying.

"Oh, I'm so terribly sorry," she cried.

(Continued on page 28)

Restricted?

Are your legitimate desires in the way of eating and drinking what you want, restricted in any way? If so the remedy lies with you—if you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port or Sherry (which are the best of their kind), assert yourself and don't be dictated to!

Unrivalled for 145 years

SANDEMAN

PORT AND SHERRY

The Testimony of Millions

The universal use of Oxo is proof that Beef in this concentrated form is a necessity in every home and family.

Millions of Housewives:

Improve their gravies, soups, stews, and meat-dishes with Oxo, giving them more tastiness, more richness, and increased nutritive value.

OXO

BEEF in BRIEF

56/35

...yet thousands of children are **"NERVY," CONSTIPATED, TROUBLESOME OVER MEALS,** *all through lack of an essential Vitamin*

Ever since most of us can remember, Quaker Oats has been a firm favourite, not only on account of its delicious creamy flavour and nourishing properties, but as *the* breakfast which "really does you good." Quaker Oats is especially rich in the natural *tonic* Vitamin called Vitamin B. This vitamin is essential for general health, as the source of *nerve nourishment*. It is scarce in most every day foods, yet lack of it leads quickly to such prevalent ailments as indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness, poor appetite and general irritability.

THE DAILY TONIC VITAMIN

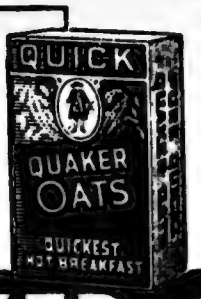
Though the body needs a constant supply of this important Vitamin, we cannot keep it stored in our system—we need a fresh "charge" of it every day.

What they need is the **Tonic Vitamin** in Quaker Oats!

It is such splendid news that we get this Vitamin, which we all require, every morning in delicious creamy nourishing Quaker Oats! Quaker is milled from the world's best oats, rich in valuable proteins and mineral salts, and roasted by a special process to bring out all their goodness and give them that unique *creamy* flavour. No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can possibly take the place of Quaker Oats *freshly cooked* and served hot. Quaker Oats is sold only *in sealed packets* to ensure its purity and perfect condition. Ask for *Quick* Quaker and you can prepare this delicious breakfast in 4 minutes. 40 *vitalising breakfasts* for 8½d.

Chosen for the famous 'Quins'!

For just a few pence you can give your family the identical breakfast that famous doctors chose for the Dionne 'Quins': identical because your Quaker Oats and theirs come from the same great Quaker Mills in Canada.



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QUAKER OATS

Bacon Cakes
BY APPOINTMENT

If at any time you have eaten Sausages which seemed far and away better than any you had ever tasted before, you may be sure they were Sausages made by Harris of Calne, Wiltshire. You can now buy them everywhere. Be particularly careful to see that the word 'Calne' is on the label.

"As good as their Famous Bacon"

For name of nearest supplier write to Dept. 53

HARRIS
CALNE WILTSHIRE
SAUSAGES

THREE GOOD TEMPERS

Two for the blade One for you

HARDER STEEL HERE THAN EVER BEFORE —TAKES A MUCH KEENER EDGE AND GIVES MORE SHAVES PER BLADE.
YET SOFT STEEL HERE ALLOWS THE BLADE TO BEND TO THE RAZOR.

BLUE GILLETTES
ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES
LARGE PACKET 2/6 • SMALL PACKET 1/3

Run Over by Romance—continued from page 26

Love Wins Through

"You poor thing, are you hurt?" Silly question, I thought; if I weren't hurt I shouldn't be lying here.

"I think my leg is broken," I said weakly. "Try and get me into the car without disturbing the fracture too much, and get me to the nearest hospital, quick."

With the aid of a farm labourer who happened to be passing, I was lifted on to one of the loose seats of the car and hoisted inside.

It was a good five miles to the hospital, and no one was more glad than I to see the doctor. "You haven't improved his leg by all this jolting," was his curt comment. I was laid on a stretcher and taken inside.

He was right. Whether it was the jolting in the car, or just the bad fracture, I don't know; but when I came to I was minus a leg.

When the pain began to stop I started figuring things out a little. How was I to get to London now—by hopping? In the middle of my musings one morning the door opened and a vision suddenly appeared.

It was the cause of all the trouble. She waited until the nurse had left the ward and then she fell at the foot of my bed, sobbing and crying.

I felt pretty awkward, not being able to do anything except lie there and say, "Now, now, don't take it like that . . ." and all the stupid things one says on such occasions.

"It's my fault," she sobbed. "You've lost your leg . . . you will never be the same again . . . And it's all my fault . . ." It was ten minutes before I could get her calmed down enough to talk sensibly.

"You couldn't help it," I told her. "A smash like that might happen to anyone—it's just bad luck that I happened to be in the road, and that you didn't see me in time. You mustn't blame yourself like that."

She shook her head. "I'll never drive again," she said firmly. "This is the end. I have ruined your life, and I'll never forgive myself. I don't even know your name. But whoever you are—please, please forgive me."

I told her who I was, and where I was going. "I shall have to figure out some way of travelling a hundred miles on one leg," I added with a laugh.

"You can't do that. We'll have to think out something. My name's Eileen—Eileen Graham. I live at Newfield, a few miles from here. I was going home when I . . ."

Her eyes filled with tears, and I thought she was going off again. I held out my hand—it was the only thing I could move.

"Don't you worry about me," I said. "They are very kind to me here. Give me time to get well, and I'll get through somehow. A sailor always can."

But she wouldn't hear of it. From that day onwards she came to see me every morning. The result was that I was nearly sick on grapes, and the ward smelt like a flower show.

Then one morning she failed to turn up. My heart sank—lower and lower. I have never felt so miserable in all my life. All the morning I tried unsuccessfully to put her out of my mind. She came in the afternoon.

She had 'flu, and disobeying her doctor's orders had got out of bed to come over and see me.

But it was an eye-opener to me. I had "fallen" very badly indeed. I knew the symptoms only too well. I had seen young fellows come on board looking like it, all soft and sheepish and vacant. It was incredible, but here was I doing exactly the same things.

And I saw that I was pretty well in the soup. I had fallen in love with a girl whom I knew practically nothing about, except that she was a pretty careless driver.

She had brought me grapes and things. And here was I thinking all kinds of ridiculous things. I decided to face up to it.

Next morning when she arrived (again against doctor's orders) it was I who looked miserable. I knew what was going to happen—a look of pity and a kindly refusal.

I began by blurting a few things about how silly she would think I was, and how I was prepared to take my medicine like a man, and all that.

Gradually I got all worked up and finally ended like a pavement orator, with a grand flourish. Then I sat back and waited for the blow.

She smiled. "You old dear—you needn't tell me any more. I was wondering all along, but I never dared to say anything, in case you simply hated the sight of me. After all, I *was* the cause of your . . . accident."

We were married when I came out of hospital two months later—I with a brand new wooden leg. And then began the difficult part—the fight for a living.

Our only income was two pounds a week which my wife had from her family. And we had the car—the cause of all the trouble. It was a solid old four-seater, strong and reliable.

I had an idea. "Let's start a car-hire service," I suggested. "You can drive and I can run the business side."

Well, the first objection was that she had vowed never to drive again. It took a lot of arguing to overcome that, but I managed it in the end.

Then we had to set out to find some customers. I thought of putting an advertisement in the local newspaper, on the lines of "If you want to go somewhere by car—ring up . . ."

The only snag was that we had not got a telephone. So the first expense was a 'phone. But it paid us. We got fifty calls on the first day.

The old car was soon rushed off its wheels. We were sent all over the place, taking people to and from the station, bringing old ladies to market, and taking them home again, carting chickens and eggs, and even pigs!

We did not make much profit at first, for our charges were very low. But the news soon got around and we became quite well known in the district. We had "opposition," in the form of a decrepit taxi, owned by a gloomy old man nicknamed "Old Grunts."

We were very unpopular with "Old Grunts," for we took some of his business away from him. It made him sit up, though. His manner changed, became much more ingratiating. He started to sport a neat cap and overcoat.

People could not make out what had happened to him. He even gave Eileen a smile occasionally, except when she stole a "fare" from under his nose. But the competition was healthy, and kept us on the move.

The profits on the first year's working were just enough, with a little skimping and hard commons, for us to start thinking about buying a second car. It had to be second-hand, but that did not matter. It showed at least that the business was going up and not down.

The second car was a success, too. It took some of the work off the shoulders of poor old "Jeremiah," as we called our "first-born." He was still going strong, but his legs were no longer quite so steady, and now and then he had a spot of heart trouble—the valves worried him a bit.

Car No. 2 we called "Matthew." There was a system working now. See the idea? "Matthew" was to be followed by "Mark," then "Luke," then "John." It was a sort of mental guarantee for the success of the business. You could never have a Matthew without also having the other three. And it was a fine system—for it worked.

It took two years before we could buy "Mark," but we got him in the end. He brought us good too, for "Luke" and "John" both arrived at one-year intervals after that.

Poor old "Jeremiah" laid down and (almost) died soon after "Matthew" came in to help us. His big-end bearing got him in the end, and it was not worth while spending a lot of money on having him put right.

To-day "Jeremiah's" contented old age is spent under the same roof as his younger and more active successors—who now number seven!

We shall never get rid of old "Jeremiah." He is an honoured member of our household—our one remaining link with the event which brought us both such lasting happiness.

"The Greatest of These"

UNHAPPY FATHER

Kathleen

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Kathleen would have fretted her little heart out if she had had to leave her dad, so when the Guardians, after her mother's death in February, took four of the children into their institutional homes, Kathleen and a thirteen-year-old sister were left with their father. Kathleen's mother suffered in hospital for one week from bronchitis and pneumonia, from which she succumbed, but she had suffered for years from the hardship of poverty.

"My wife was a good woman," said her husband, "always with her children. She was grey at thirty-six. My pension for being gassed in the war ceased in 1922, when I accepted a small gratuity.

"I have had a lot of bad luck, and have now been out of work for ten months. After deduction made from my unemployment pay on account of four of the children being placed in homes, I have only 10s. a week left. I live with my mother, who has 18s. a week, and the rent is 10s. 4d."

His greatest wish is to get a permanent job, and have the children with him. None of them wanted to leave him.

Kathleen's father is worthy of help, and we shall be grateful if our readers will send donations earmarked "Kathleen," which, as in the case of subscriptions to our general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

HAD ACUTE GASTRITIS

"Can eat anything now"

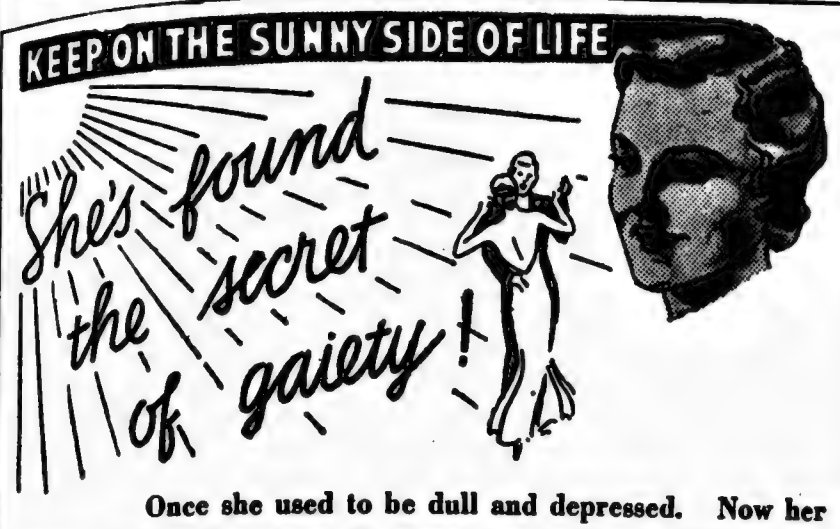
To be free from the appalling agony of stomach trouble—to say good-bye to terrible pains after meals—such is the wonderful news told time and again by those who have taken Maclean Brand Stomach Powder! This letter from Miss F. C., Kenton, is an example:

"I suffered from acute gastritis, and had the most violent pains after eating anything heavy, so could only eat custards, etc., for quite a long time. After trying Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets, I have been totally different. I can eat anything now without trouble or pain, and would not be without a bottle of the tablets for anything. I recommend them to anyone I know suffering as I did."

You, too, can make yourself "totally different" and banish your pain and misery by starting at once to take Maclean Brand.

But it must be the "signature" brand, with the signature, "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on carton and bottle. Its success has been so marvellous that cheap and useless imitations are now being offered. Do not risk your health by accepting any substitute. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and look for the signature. Never sold loose. Sold only in bottles, in cartons, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. (Advt.)

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



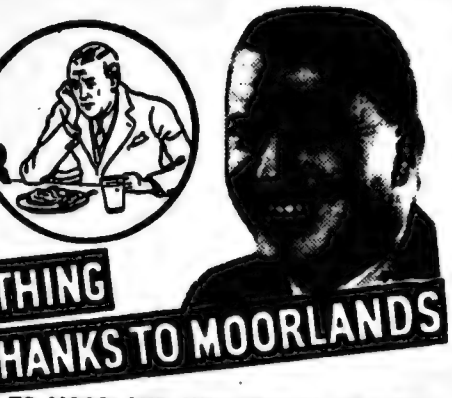
Once she used to be dull and depressed. Now her cheery smile and high spirits make her welcome everywhere. And the reason is—she keeps *regular*. Not by taking drugs or pills. Not she! Her secret is two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily.

How simple and pleasant it is to keep free from constipation the ALL-BRAN way! Just two tablespoonfuls of this delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. For Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the exercise your intestines need—and purifies the blood as well. All grocers sell ALL-BRAN.

Made in Canada
NOW ONLY per packet 7½d.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
827

SUFFERED WITH GASTRIC TROUBLE FOR YEARS



CAN NOW EAT ANYTHING THANKS TO MOORLANDS

READ THIS AMAZING TRIBUTE TO MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS:

"I feel I must write to say what a wonderful blessing your Moorland Tablets have been to me. I suffered with Gastric Trouble for years and tried all remedies without any benefit, but since taking Moorlands last year I am in the pink of condition. I can eat anything now, sleep well and work and life are now pleasures. I have only Moorlands to thank. I cannot speak too highly of Moorland Brand Tablets."

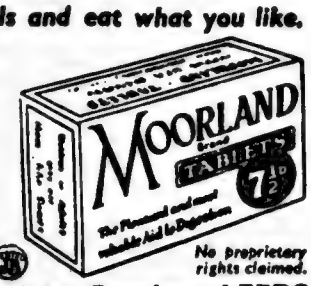
J. O., Fulham.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

At all chemists: 7½d., 1/3, and Family size 2/6; Moorland Powder 1/3.

MOORLAND
BRAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS



FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin to:

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W. B. CARTWRIGHT Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

SELLS

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WINCARNIS

BRINGS BACK YOUTH AND VIGOUR

Take your stand. Refuse to grow old. Defy the ravages of anaemia, debility, lack of vitality in the one sure quick way . . . drink Wincarnis. Wincarnis puts youth into your veins. Glass by glass it builds you up and gives you back your health and strength. Wincarnis helps you to keep young and hold on to the joy of living. 20,000 recommendations from medical men and thousands of wonderful cases of youthful health restored, testify to the value of Wincarnis, The Wine of Life.

FREE!
A TRIAL BOTTLE OF WINCARNIS

★ COUPON ★

To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. AD-2, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free trial bottle of Wincarnis.

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.....

New Health for you

You too, can feel healthy and strong, full of energy and cheer. Follow the advice given in writing by over 25,000 physicians and start a course of Sanatogen.

Sanatogen contains the very elements your body needs to overcome weakness and ill-health. A short course of this favourite strengthening food will make you feel stronger and healthier than you have felt for years. Start your course today.

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Had your

HOVIS

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EVERYONE has tasted HOVIS. But how many have tried it TOASTED? Here is a treat for tea you will always enjoy. Hot buttered HOVIS is not only more delicious but is more nourishing, too.

HOVIS

TOAST

is just the thing for TEA

Macclesfield

MONEY *from* FATHER-*in*-LAW?..

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

Pride in a husband is a fine thing—but he should not spurn help if it means suffering for his wife

The Too-Proud HUSBAND

THERE used to be an old music-hall pun which ran, "Matrimony is just a matter o' money." Cynics would applaud that definition, but sensible folk know it means far more than that. The real marriage is based upon love—not the sentimental variety—but kindly consideration for one another, mutual respect and sincere affection.

I am not denying that £ s. d. must play its part. It does—as these three problems show. The first one comes from a young woman, who writes:—

I have been married only ten months and am the only child of fairly well-to-do and indulgent parents. I married a man who was in a poor position, but since then he has bettered himself, although even now his wages are barely sufficient to procure the necessities of life. Sometimes I have to do without food, and yet in a few months I shall become a mother.

My parents have offered my husband a better job, but this he has refused, saying that he prefers to look after me in his own way without any outside interference or help. Every month my father sent me a cheque, but my husband made so much fuss that I was compelled to stop it. I told him that many a man would be grateful for a little help, but he says he requires none, and we must learn to stand together and depend on no one.

Owing to this attitude a tremendous feud has arisen between my husband and my parents, and as I love them all dearly this hurts me terribly. To all my arguments my husband is adamant. He is really sacrificing us to his pride, which he says a man should never lose. Has he a right to maintain this attitude, or, if he drops it, does it mean his moral belittlement?

Now I admire this man's sturdy independence. His motto, "I stand on my own feet," is creditable under normal circumstances. But these circumstances are not normal. Listen to this: "Sometimes I have to do without food, and yet in a few months I shall become a mother."

That is all wrong. It is a scandal that in a world of plenty anyone should have to go without food. It may be a tragedy in the case of an expectant mother.

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BUT it is not only hunger of the body from which this girl is suffering. She is worrying terribly because of the feud between her husband and her parents, and at a time when her mind should be at rest. This man, because of his pride, may be willing to endure hardship himself, but he should not submit his wife and her unborn child to the same test. It is his duty to do his best for them.

That does not mean he need lose his manhood. Let him take that better job offered to him. Let him put his back into it and make a success of it. Then he will deserve whatever he earns, his wife will obtain that good and nourishing food which is essential in her condition, and her mind will be at rest because of the closing of the breach with her parents. His gratitude to them for providing him with the opportunity to make good should make that possible.

Sometimes I am appalled by my responsibility as Humanist when I think of the consequences of my words. "On your advice depends my whole future," says my next correspondent, a young miner of twenty-one. He goes on to say:—

I have been courting a wonderful girl for four years, and we love each other dearly. My only fear is that I am not good enough for her, for she deserves someone who could give her all the best in life. She knows that if we marry we shall never have children, as we shall be hard-pressed to keep ourselves.

I know there are thousands in a similar position who are quite happy, although they have a hand-to-mouth existence, but I shrink from that. I have tried to improve myself, and because I am well mannered I have been able to mix with people above my station. In this way I met recently a well-to-do girl who is willing to marry me, though she knows I don't love her the same as I do the other one. What shall I do? Marry her and be able to rise from my humble surroundings? Or stick to the first girl and have to rough it all our lives?

This young man, in his present mood, should marry neither of them. Listen to his attitude towards the girl he loves. "We should never be able to have children. . . . I shrink from a hand-to-mouth existence." And of the other girl he says bluntly, "I don't love her the same as I do the other."

This young man should not marry unless he feels that his future wife is going to make him happy and that he will make her happy in return. What, then, should he do—remain single all his life? Not a bit of it. He is young, he is well mannered, he has already improved himself. Let him carry on the good work. Many a man in his position has carved out a career for himself. Then when he is in a position to do so he can ask the girl he loves to share his life. And it will not be a marriage of convenience or inconvenience.

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"KEEPING up appearances" has led many people into trouble. Here it is in quite a new form. This man says:—

Five years ago, when I was twenty-nine, I married a woman many years older than myself. We were financially well placed, for I had £500, and she had money as well as owning the house where she lived.

Shortly after our marriage I became unemployed, and though I am only too anxious to work, I have tried everything without success.

My wife's relatives are in good posts, and they regard it as a scandal for a man to be without a position. And so rather than let them know of my plight I have deceived them all, including my wife.

I have let them believe I am in a good job, and to do this I have used nearly all the money I have until I am down to the last twenty pounds.

I know I can't go on much longer, and I am thinking of going back to Ireland, leaving my wife with her money and house intact, for although she has lived on what I had, I could not sponge on her.

Like most people who live in a fool's paradise, this man has gone on hoping to find something that will extricate him from his plight.

Now when he is nearing the end of his resources he talks of running away from it all. That is just cowardice. I advise him to tell his wife the whole story—without delay. There is no crime in being unemployed. It is a misfortune which should elicit a wife's sympathy and not condemnation.

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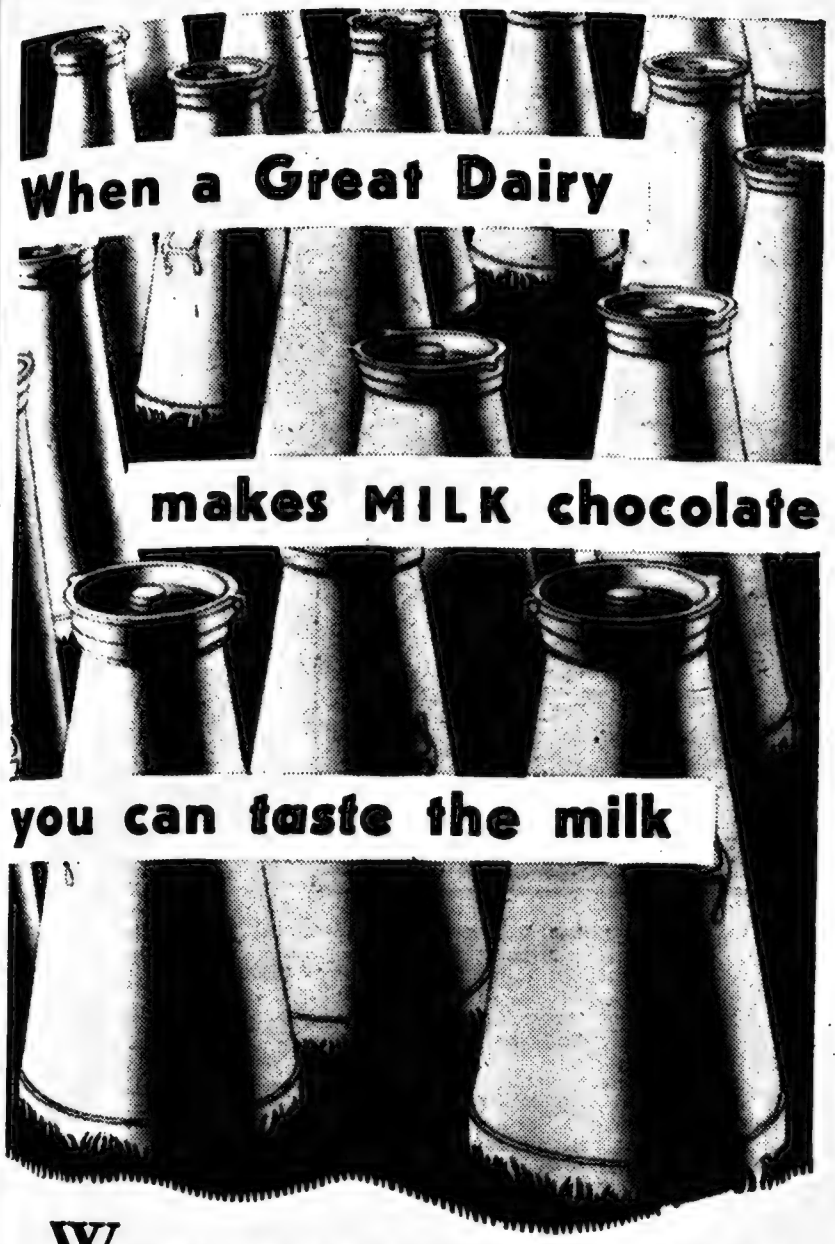
THE only mistake my correspondent has made is in deceiving her, but there are extenuating circumstances for this. He has been using his own money and he did it to save her anxiety and the reproach of her relatives. His wife will surely recognise these facts and together they must face the future.

Probably she will agree to use some of her own money to buy a little business.

That would not mean sponging on her. My correspondent, by hard work and, I hope, success, would in time be able to repay what had been advanced. This is the course I advise him to take before even thinking of returning to Ireland. It will be time for him to contemplate that step if his wife allows her people to turn her against him. It would be a poor kind of affection on her part if she allowed that to happen.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



When the world's biggest dairy makes milk chocolate, there's no need to stint the milk . . either in quantity or in quality. Milk fresh and pure and abundant, milk thick with cream and goodness from England's dairy shires.

No wonder Nestlé's chocolate has a fresher, richer flavour! The creamy taste the children love is the taste of English cream.

NESTLÉ'S *milk* chocolate

Safety for the delicate weave of treasured undies

Persil's gentle cleansing keeps silks and satins soft and lovely It's that wonderful combination of thoroughness and gentleness that makes Persil so amazingly good for delicate fabrics. Persil's oxygen-charged soapsuds get out all the dirt in the least possible time in barely warm water, so there's no chance of the weave becoming weak or brittle. And because the fabric is thoroughly clean right through, your treasured garments stay as fresh and dainty as the day you first saw them. Delicate fabrics *need* the extra gentle cleansing that Persil can give them. Are yours getting it?

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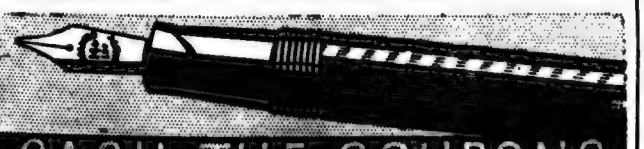
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON VALUE 3d.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

HER FRIEND'S TIP
PEG—DO TELL ME HOW YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS SO LOVELY
THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! SIMPLY SMOOTH SOME 'VASELINE' JELLY INTO YOUR HANDS AT NIGHT

After marriage don't let 'Housework Hands' ruin your charm

There's no need to let your hands 'go'—because you've got a house to run. The hardest working woman can keep her hands soft and lovely with "Vaseline" Jelly. Just smooth a little on your hands at night—before you go to bed. Very soon that 'housework' look will vanish entirely. Try this treatment for yourself — see how soft and smooth your hands become.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

1033-1

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Lose that COLD in 10 seconds!

Here's an opportunity to test an amazing new medical discovery which gives *instant relief* and *clears head and nose in 10 seconds.*

10,000 doctors' reports prove the 'Nemakol' formula supreme for conquering head colds and nasal catarrh. Get 'Nemakol' (price 1/6) from any chemist now or accept our invitation to try it free:—

Nemakol 16 NASAL COMPOUND

positively conquers colds!

FOR FREE SAMPLE POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

To Dept. 28/C. International Chemical Co., Ltd., Braydon Road, London, N.16.

Please send free sample of 'Nemakol' to:—

Name _____

Address _____

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Offer available only in British Isles.

How RADIO Told it All

The people who have heard King George V and admired him have, through the medium of radio sat at his sick bed—a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand miles away. They have heard of his passing just as soon as if they were waiting in a room next to the sick chamber

LITTLE more than a month ago the whole world heard a King whom his people loved speaking to his great Empire family.

Not only the Empire, but all America, all Europe, and dozens of other countries listened in to that Christmas broadcast. Nobody ever had such an audience.

All that, of course, is old news, but only by studying it again can we realise what a great part wireless has played in the events of the last few weeks.

For since then the people who heard George V and admired him have, through the medium of that same radio, sat at his sick-bed. A hundred, a thousand, ten thousand miles away, they have heard of his passing just as soon as if they were waiting in a room next to the sick chamber.

They have heard the Lords and Commons summoned by wireless, "the Prime Minister voicing what is in the nation's heart," the formal Proclamation of a new monarch for the first time "over the air."

They have been at his funeral, heard the voices of his bishops, the tread of the mightiest of his land.

They have listened to a dozen ceremonies which only the privileged used to hear . . . all in the space of a few weeks.

So it will go on all through the phases of King-making.

At his side

A year will pass before Edward VIII is crowned, and always the humblest will sit with the mightiest—through the blessing of radio—at the various ceremonies leading up to the Coronation.

Even the Coronation will be broadcast.

When Edward VIII is anointed with oil and cloaked with rich vestments, even when that greatest moment of all arrives when he kisses his bishops and the Crown is placed on his head as the *Te Deum* rings through the shadows of the Abbey, the nation—and, indeed, the world—will be at his side.

Hitherto we have had to be content with written and photographic records, with a painting of the scene done by a famous artist—the heads filled in afterwards. Words, music, the things that make this greatest of all national ceremonies really live, have been lost to all except the comparative few admitted to Westminster Abbey for the ceremony.

But this next Coronation Day the wireless is going to break down these privileges, maintained not by the Royal Family but by the ordinary exigencies of accommodation. Never will radio have been such a magic carpet as then!

Has wireless become such a commonplace that we cannot realise the miracle of the part it has played in the illness and passing of our late King and the part it is going to play in the coming months? Not if you think of what happened before the advent of wireless.

When Queen Victoria died at Osborne in the Isle of Wight the news was carried to the nearest town of Cowes, three miles away by messengers stationed at intervals along the road. Shouted from one to the other, it reached the post office eventually.

All those arrangements proved useless, as it happened. A telegraph tapper-key in the house had got a message through to the Lord Mayor of London, and so the Press was informed.

But in some remote parts of the kingdom, newspapers not having such efficient distribution systems in those days, twenty-four and even thirty-six hours elapsed before the news was known.

No wonder her death was widely rumoured a dozen times before the late Queen passed away, for the bulletins were circulated from the General Post Office to post offices everywhere for display in their windows, and often the bulletins were a day old before they were posted.

Privileged few

To near-by villages which had no post offices of their own the information had to be taken by carrier's cart, or by a clergyman cycling out with the news.

Only the privileged few ever heard Queen Victoria's voice. And as we travelled less then, only a comparative few ever saw her.

By the time Edward VII died the telephone had arrived, but, still, people were only talking about the coming new miracle of wireless—it was then only a thing of dots and dashes.

So, just as King Edward never became as personal to us as his son, so we were never able to follow his illness and passing with such personal concern.

Even in those days most villages were told of Edward VII's illness through the bulletins of the local post offices, and the announcement of his death reached the remotest villages in the same way.

Indeed, those were days when officialdom thought the less people were told, and the slower it reached them, the better.

Just picture how the newspapers got the news. . . .

A journalist who had just made an enquiry at the Mansion House asked permission to use the hall-porter's telephone to ring his office. As he lifted the earpiece a voice said: "This is Buckingham Palace speaking. Will you please inform the Lord Mayor that the King is dead?"

A minute later the Lord Mayor, aroused and coming downstairs to the hall in his pyjamas, rang up and received confirmation.

Now see another journalist ringing up the Home Office on an ordinary night enquiry. Somehow his line crossed that on which two people were speaking. He was hearing Mr. Winston Churchill tell his Department that the King had passed away!

Swift circle

Other days, other ways. . . .

We told the whole world within a matter of seconds of the passing of his late beloved Majesty.

The whole American nation had listened to the bulletins as if George V were one of their own greatest sons. And when the last sad news was received, nothing else was being broadcast in the whole Continent. Programmes were continued, but modified to suit a sad occasion.

And so it was in greater or lesser degree all over Europe—even in Moscow. Little Iceland, like many another nation, followed it up next day with a very touching and heartfelt memorial service.

A surge of reverence and respect went round the world in a matter of seconds!

Edward VIII is going to become just as intimate a figure to us as George V. He is determined that the Christmas broadcasts of the King to his people shall go on. He knows his father wished it.

Through radio, he will become more and more "a King whom we all know."

Modern Parable

THIS is a story of three neighbours. It is a modern parable.

They lived in adjoining houses of one of the older streets of a north country town, all having homes of which they were proud, all equally anxious to protect them, but having widely differing ideas on the subject.

One day recently they were alarmed by a common peril. One of the houses was on fire. All three buildings were in danger of destruction.

For two and a half hours firemen slaved at risk to their lives to minimise the destruction, but despite their bravest efforts all three houses were gutted, the homes destroyed, the families rendered homeless.

We have said that they had widely differing ideas on the subject of protecting their homes. One of those householders thanks his stars for the one that inspired him.

He put his trust in JOHN BULL's unique free family insurance Gift. Almost all we required of him was his signature on a coupon, which you can sign now. It is on page 39.

* * *

Listen to the result of that act. "We are writing to thank you," he tells us, "for the only assistance we have had to help us in our great trouble. We lost all our home, and if we had not had your help we should have been homeless."

Would you be one of the lucky ones if a fire so widespread destroyed all your worldly possessions? It depends on yourself. Sign now.

Royal Life in Pictures

Weekly Illustrated has paid tribute to the memory of our late gracious King by publishing a souvenir extra 56-page "In Memoriam" number, now on sale, containing pictures of the whole seventy years of the late King's life, taken in all parts of the world.

This special number will be a faithful record—for yourself and for your children—of one who was not only a king but a friend and father of his people. Get a copy before it is sold out. On sale everywhere—price sixpence.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A FILM DIRECTOR
THAT'S THE EIGHTH RETAKE—I'M FED UP—LET IT GO AT THAT
THE MANAGING DIRECTOR SEES THE FILM
ROTTEN! THE WHOLE THING'S DEAD. SLEEPY. NO VITALITY NO SPARKLE. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GRAYSON'S WORK LATELY?
DID YOU HEAR THAT? AND WHAT'S MORE, THE OLD BOY'S RIGHT! NOTHING I DO THESE DAYS COMES OFF. I GUESS I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS BEFORE I'M SHOT OUT
ROT, GRAYSON! THERE'S NOT A DIRECTOR IN THE COUNTRY TO TOUCH YOU. BIT UNDER WEATHER—THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE. WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?
BUT I SLEEP LIKE A LOG, DOCTOR
YES I KNOW—BUT THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING. YOU SEE—EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP YOU STILL USE UP ENERGY AND IF YOU DON'T REPLACE IT—NIGHT-STARVATION. YOU TRY HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT AT BEDTIME
AND SO
LET ME HAVE MY HORLICK'S NOW, MRS. WATTS—I THINK I'LL TURN IN FOR AN EARLY NIGHT
THREE MONTHS LATER
THIS NEW PICTURE'S GOING TO BE A BOX OFFICE RIOT. IT'S GOT EVERYTHING. EVERY INCH OF IT'S DYNAMITE. GRAYSON'S DOING THE JOB OF HIS LIFE
YES—THE SOONER WE GET HIM SIGNED UP ON THAT LONG CONTRACT THE BETTER. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A MAN LIKE GRAYSON

Has YOUR work lost punch?

Tired before you start — apathetic about your work — woolly-headed and unable to concentrate — are these your symptoms too? Probably you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." Remember that the mere act of sleeping uses up energy which must be replaced. If it is not replaced you wake up tired, your work and your happiness suffer.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — it replaces burnt-up energy while you sleep. You wake up with new reserves of vitality and power. Horlick's is very economical — the milk is already in it. Just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed and have extra energy all day

HOARSE' SENSE! Take 1D NIPITS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES FROM ALL CONFECTIONERS 3D PER PKT

FOR MANY YEARS' MAN & BOY NUTTALL'S MINTOES A PRIOR GAVE ME JOY

Does your heart thump violently after slight exertion? Are you troubled with pains in your chest, breathlessness, faintness? Do you tire easily, find it difficult to concentrate?

These are warnings that your heart needs strengthening, and relief from circulatory disorders that increase its burden. Probably your arteries are hardening, and resisting your heart.

Strengthen your heart and you will increase the vigour of your whole organism, both physically and mentally.

Innumerable tests have proved that 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets strengthen the heart and restore the elasticity of hardening arteries.

If you take 'Phyllosan' tablets regularly your heart will get stronger, your breathlessness, dizziness, and other symptoms will disappear. You will also observe a steady increase in your physical and vital forces.

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. The 5/- size is twice, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the 3/- size.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN'

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, increase all your Vital Forces

FREE Tablet-container & Book

We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, in which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. stamp for postage. Offer is of container only. No tablets will be sent.

Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London.

COUPON

To NATURAL CHEMICALS LTD., (Dept. 47) 12 Gilpstone St., W.1.

I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send a pocket-container for 'Phyllosan' tablets, together with free book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS and use margin. Send stamp in sealed envelope. J.B. 1/2/36.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Get Rid of the Pain of **STIFF NECK, ACHING MUSCLES**

USE **SLOANS**

MOTHER'S SECRET WORRY

"My baby catches so many more colds than my cousin's child. What can I do?"

"I lie awake at nights sometimes, worrying about Baby. He keeps on catching colds and he isn't as strong as he should be. My cousin's child, born a week after Baby, is much healthier and bonnier. My cousin told us she gives her child Scotts Brand Emulsion but I give Baby a cod liver oil preparation too. I often wonder what's wrong," writes a London mother.

Secretly, thousands of mothers suffer similar worries with their babies! And it all goes back to the fact that babies have such delicate digestions.

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers choose. "Because," states this Research Body "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body building goodness they need."

* * *

When a mother stands at the chemist's counter choosing a winter tonic for her child, she should ask herself the question, "Am I buying the kind my child can digest?" Because this is what makes one child stronger than another. In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is so finely divided that it forms a white digestible cream. 30 minutes after a spoonful passes into your child's stomach every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, and particularly his chest and lungs. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before.

* * *

The letter below shows what a difference it makes when a mother chooses a digestible tonic for her baby. "I began to worry day and night about baby. I was afraid to think what might happen if she caught a cold, she looked so weak and pale. So I put her on to Scotts. She gained at once. This winter her cheeks are a lovely rosy colour and she never shows a sign of a cold. My husband just adores her," writes a mother from Balham.

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and watch the difference it makes to *your* child.

Proof of above statement for Doctors (35)

The above facts were revealed recently by an eminent Research Body working in London. The official report is available for inspection by the Medical Profession at 10, Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

Scotts Brand Emulsion contains finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin potency with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. Biological tests show that Scotts Brand Emulsion is completely absorbed in its original form straight from the duodenum into the thoracic duct within 30 minutes. On its absorption, this emulsion carries in bile which re-stimulates the liver and strengthens the digestion.

A *Kipling* Dream Comes True

THE first British vessel to be expressly designed for the purpose of carrying troops overseas steamed into Southampton Water the other day from shipbuilding yards on the Clyde!

How that time-honoured champion of Tommy Atkins, world-famous author and poet, Rudyard Kipling, would have rejoiced to see one of his cherished dreams come true!

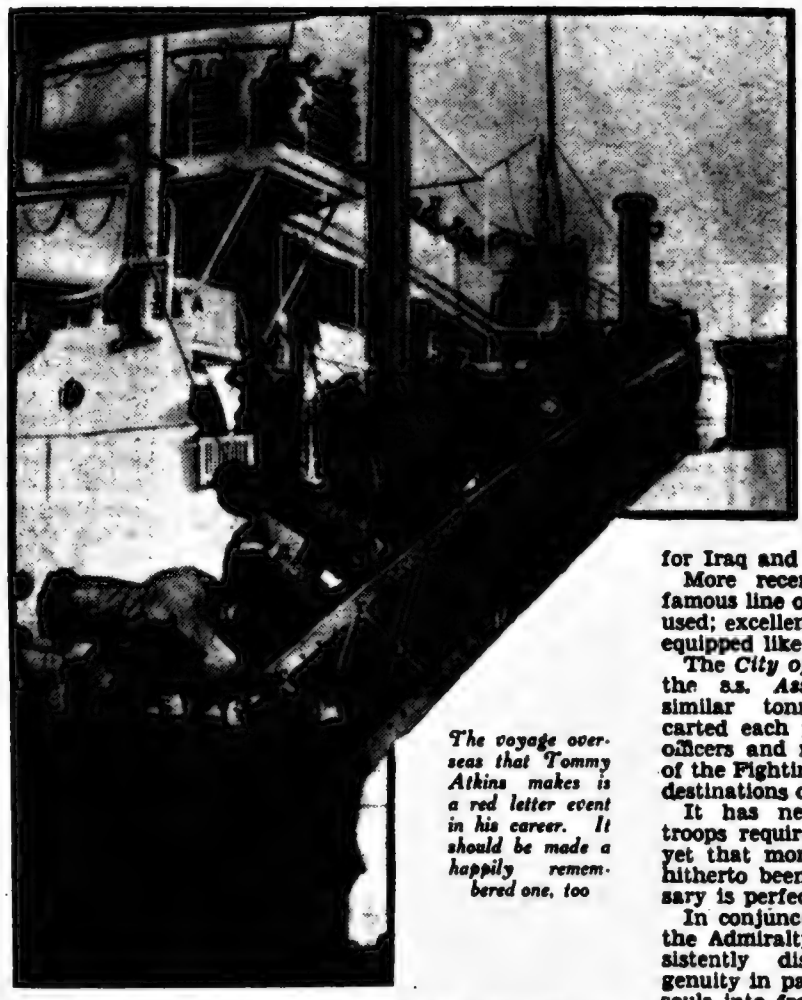
For it was Kipling who first dared to reveal the truth about the hardships endured by soldiers and their families in their peregrinations from station to distant cantonment.

From the earliest times, any conditions at all have been deemed suitable for the transportation of fighting men — and not only of the men themselves, but of the officers, warrant officers, wives and children, who inevitably accompany soldiers and sailors to all parts of the world.

They were usually crowded into the cramped accommodation available in merchant vessels which in the ordinary way are used for carrying cargo and a few first-class passengers.

Conditions on board troopships seldom were sanitary, and the regulations drawn up for the guidance of commanding officers and skippers alike were a mockery, for it was quite impossible for those concerned to comply with them.

Officers in charge of drafts, complete units and detachments alike, are required to afford their men training and physical exercise, despite that there is insufficient space on deck for all to assemble in the open air at the same time.



The voyage overseas that Tommy Atkins makes is a red letter event in his career. It should be made a happily remembered one, too

ON board the average troopship men were usually packed like sardines in a tin, their hammocks interlocked and slung side by side in the hold of a vessel, often below the waterline.

And these conditions, common enough in times of war, have persisted in time of peace and throughout several generations.

The poet Kipling knew the story behind the heroism that thrilled Europe in the middle of last century, when the troopship *Birkenhead* went down in the shark-infested waters off the West Coast of Africa, with 450 officers and men standing to "attention" on her decks, in the absence of sufficient lifeboats.

Some little time back we revealed the appalling circumstances prevailing on board a ship called the *Nevasa*, a fifteen-year-old vessel of not much more than 9,000 tons, used to convey no fewer than 1,500 officers and men and a number of wives and children to India.

The *Nevasa* sailed in the full blast of the summer season, the central part of the ship reserved for officers and families, the after part for the wives and families of other ranks, the troops crowded into the holds.

The troop decks were divided into four compartments, each about 58 feet square, affording accommodation for 460 men in mess and 336 sleeping. And that is to say, of course, that there was not room for some four hundred to sling their hammocks.

The passage through the Red Sea lasted four days, during which time the wives and families suffered. Four serious cases of heat-stroke were admitted into the sick bay. In the hottest weather many sought to sleep on deck.

But the safety of the ship was necessarily the first concern, and thus it was impossible for more than a quarter of those on board to find accommodation on deck at the same time.

One young artilleryman died as a result of his experiences. He was a victim to an experiment made to discover whether or not the length and duration of the "trooping season" could be extended.

That troops and their wives and families have not since been transported during the hot weather is due to the fact that the experiment failed, rather than to any change made in the conditions.

The advent of the s.s. *Dilwara*, a vessel of 11,000 tons, designed to carry 1,150 troops, fitted with cabins for the women and children, deck space for the men, hospital amidships, nursery and common room, is the first departure made from established practice.

Up to now, the vessel reputed to be the "crack" among the fleet of freighters used for carrying officers and men of the Army, the Navy, and the Royal Air Force, to their stations overseas, has been the *City of Marseilles*.

The *City of Marseilles*, a vessel of no more than 8,400 tons, built back in 1913, will now take a good second place to the *Dilwara*. But in her sweltering holds lancers have been packed for duty on the North-West Frontier, foot guards in Hong Kong and Shanghai, airmen for Iraq and Singapore.

More recently, newer vessels of a famous line of cargo steamers have been used; excellent vessels, but not, of course, equipped like the *Dilwara*.

The *City of Marseilles*, like the *Main*, the s.s. *Assaye*, and other ships of similar tonnage, in her day has carted each year no fewer than 30,000 officers and men, women and children of the Fighting Forces to and from their destinations overseas.

It has never been suggested that troops require *de luxe* accommodation, yet that more consideration than has hitherto been shown is urgently necessary is perfectly obvious.

In conjunction with its sister service, the Admiralty, the War Office has persistently displayed considerable ingenuity in packing anything up to 1,700 souls into freighters of a few thousand tons.

IN war time the practice is excusable, perhaps, yet it is interesting to note that the American troops coming to Europe arrived in passenger liners, as did the Australian troops, the South Africans and the New Zealanders.

We have already remarked that the launching of the new specially designed *Dilwara*, equipped on modern lines, is a fresh departure for the War Office, and the promise of a sister ship is a notable sign.

Doubtless, the authorities have awakened to the fact that the voyage Tommy Atkins with his family makes overseas is a red-letter event in his career, and to make it a happily remembered one will be to stimulate recruiting.

In any case, it is a good thing to know that the War Department has set to work to remedy the trials and discomforts which used to be the lot of the soldier in the bad old days.

Winners of Our £1,000 Window Display Contest

IT is with great pleasure that we now publish the result of JOHN BULL'S great £1,000 National Window Display Contest, for which thousands of photographs of brilliantly dressed shop-windows were submitted.

The Committee of Experts, consisting of Mr. Rowland Harman, Editor of *Display*; Mr. Tom Purvis, the famous artist, and Mr. Russell Chapman, Secretary of the Advertising Association, who were appointed to judge the entries, have now completed their task—rendered all the more difficult because the general standard was so excellent.

Subject to the Rules and Conditions of the Contest, the final results are as follow:

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000 AND GOLD MEDAL: Messrs. A. L. Gardner and Co., Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, 2, Yorks.—*Display for* GUINNESS.

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE OF £100 AND SILVER MEDAL: Messrs. Letbe (Southfields), Ltd., 62, Brookwood Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18.—*Display for* GIBBS' DENTIFRICE.

WINNER OF THIRD PRIZE OF £50 AND BRONZE MEDAL: Messrs. Excels, 168, Gunnersbury Avenue, Ealing, London, W.5.—*Display for* PLAYERS' CIGARETTES.

There are in addition many other winners of £5 5s. and £1 1s. cash prizes, and 1,000 other valuable awards, details of which will be published in a later issue.

The winner of the £100 "Shopping Slogans" Contest Prize is:

Mr. H. A. Tate, "Parkside," 10, Southchurch Hall Close, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.—PRODUCT: *Valor Oil Heater.* SLOGAN: *"Off the Cold Standard with Valor."*

FOR YOU TOO CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH or double your money back

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1 and we will refund TWICE what you paid.

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by the things you eat and drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices.

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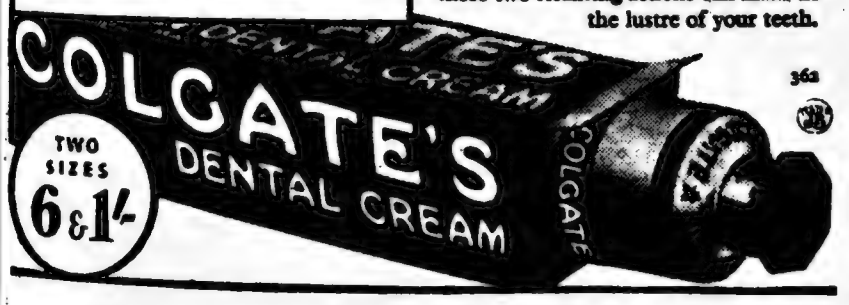

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YOUR PERSONALITY DEPENDS ON YOUR NERVOUS ENERGY!

AN impressive personality implies nerve-force—an abundance of nervous vitality. No man has either whose nervous system has "run down." Every normal man should have both.

But neurasthenia is rampant to-day. The sapping strain of modern life leaves thousands of men—quite unconsciously—far short of their full capacity, dispossessed of their true personality.

For them, unquestionably, a course of PHOSFERINE is indicated. The concentrated nerve-nourishment in PHOSFERINE restores vitality like nothing else familiar to medical science. It acts surely and rapidly. Vigour is renewed; interest and activity are quickened; and personality is re-born with all its original force.

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INFLUENZA	DEBILITY	SLEEPLESSNESS	RHEUMATISM	NEURALGIA
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BRAIN FAG	SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	INDIGESTION	GASTRIC PAINS

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness, or hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "*Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy-looking.*"

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Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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—that SECCOTINE, the ALL-BRITISH Adhesive, is a real tonic for fabrics! When you have an article that looks "tired," just wash it in SECCOTINE—note the new life and freshness it immediately assumes. SECCOTINE is the Adhesive that works this magic—refuse imitations. In tubes everywhere, 4½d., 6d. and 9d. Free Booklet from Dept. J.B., M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr Ltd., Belfast.

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This is a special News-Bulletin for men who value their appearance and hair-health besides! Yes, the news is BRYLCREEM and the best of news it is too . . . the perfect Hair Dressing at last! Fixes the hair *naturally* and nourishes scalp and roots at the same time. It's the blended oils and tonic-ingredients that do the trick, and it's non-sticky, too. Great stuff . . . get some to-day.

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WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH. CROSS. UPSET

Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I am more than satisfied with the result of using URACE brand TABLETS in a most difficult case of Rheumatism. Nurse E—— A—— M——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

BARRED the House of Commons!

THERE are thirty people who are barred the Houses of Parliament. This brief fact was made known during proceedings in a London police court the other day. The report conjured up visions of desperadoes who might try to disturb the peace or safety of the two Chambers with pistol shots or bombs. But how different the facts.

One of the barred, indeed, is a lovelorn swain who became troublesome to a woman employed in the House. Another persisted in badgering members whenever he could get near enough to them.

A third was a little too eager to get money out of visitors. And as to the rest—well, the trouble with the majority of them is that they can't resist joining in debates if they are permitted in the public gallery.

No way through

In one way or another they have broken the rules of the House. As a result, the Sergeant-at-Arms has put them on a list.

And, finally, the genial policemen at the gates have memorised their features so well that not even an efficient theatrical disguise would be likely to get them through the cordon.

"Barred the House." It isn't remarkable that some of the victims of this edict look on the Sergeant-at-Arms as a very cruel and high-handed man. They little know what he *could* do if he had the desire.

As one of his duties consists of "taking into custody such strangers who come into the precincts"—which means that he would be perfectly free to arrest one of those inoffensive visitors who go to Parliament to have tea and strawberries on the terrace with their members — he can't be said to use his powers to the full.

That duty may be neglected, but it has never been dropped. Parliament reserves to itself the right to keep out whom it likes—and even practised that right as recently as 1875 at the expense of the then Prince of Wales, who had to leave the Strangers' Gallery when he was "named" by a cantankerous member, Mr. Biggar.

To look through the barred lists of some of the old Sergeants-at-Arms is to realise that officials to-day are far more kindly and tolerant than those of old.

Once, for instance, there was a certain Mr. Robinson who, having taken a seat among the members by mistake, was stripped to the waist by searchers and then, no incriminating papers being found on him, was haled before the bar and compelled to take "the Oath of Supremacy." After that he was "barred for life."

Never come back

Another stranger who wandered into the lobbies and was actually counted in a division was roughly handled before being turned out. He, too, was never allowed to return.

And as an official who once tried to serve a subpœna on a member within the precincts was sent to prison, as well as being "warned off" for ever, it would seem that modern treatment of offending visitors is kid-gloved compared with that of old.

There was never a worse example of Parliamentary high-handedness than the treatment meted out to a man who accidentally crossed the path of that great Speaker of the House, Arthur Onslow.

Onslow was walking through Westminster Hall on his way to the Chamber when this unfortunate fellow, anxious to get a good view of some passing judges, passed in front of him.

Instantly he was seized by six pairs of strong arms, and not only thrust into prison, where he languished for several months, but barred the House of Commons as well.

A similar ban for life was imposed forty years ago on a man named Bidmead, who had added a few false signatures to a petition he was presenting to the House, never realising that a member would identify the name of one man as that of a constituent who held diametrically opposite views to those expressed by the petition.

Bidmead had to grovel before the assembled members in such a way that he was overcome by the impressiveness of the ceremony, and then told he must never visit the House again.

"I've never been in such a dirty house before," said an attorney named Crowle, shaking the dust off his knee after he had knelt to discover that he would never be welcome in the Houses of Parliament again.

It seems strange that Parliament should be so inhospitable, but the actual fact is that, except on business, nobody is allowed to enter the Houses of Parliament apart from members. The rule forbidding *you* admission is still on the order book, although no Sergeant-at-Arms would bother about it unless you gave offence.

On duty at the gates of the Houses of Parliament. There is no chance of getting past him if one has been officially barred admission

In the autumn of 1908 a man threw leaflets from the gallery, espousing the Suffragette cause. He was ejected and put on the barred list. And at the same time the House of Commons was closed to everybody except members until the end of the session.

For forty-six years women were barred admission to the House of Commons because, with the obstinacy of their sex, they refused to leave when called upon to do so from the floor of the House.

But that was not entirely due to any feeling against women.

They would have been readmitted within a few days if the Speaker had not discovered that when women were absent the members put their speeches into much shorter and more business-like phraseology!

Two women were barred the House because of the trouble that ensued when O'Connell, the Irish leader, going up to the gallery to greet his wife, kissed the Dowager Countess of Richmond by mistake.

Often the women of the kingdom as a whole have been "barred the House"—but always the officials have turned a blind eye on them when they have arrived in male attire, as a Duchess of Gordon did on one occasion.

And don't let us forget the spirited people who have broken the rules of the House, and then, because they were of the type that puts up a fight of sorts, have "got away with it."

Thirty odd years ago there was the man who shouted "Bosh!" from the gallery and was reported for being drunk. "He has convinced me," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who had to see him "that to call 'Bosh!' to a Parliamentary speech is not conclusive evidence of drunkenness."

Then there was the strange Scot who garbed in full Highland costume, unwittingly entered a part of the House where members only were permitted, and behaved with the confidence and aplomb of a member of forty years' standing.

Street chase

When approached, he must have felt that nothing short of the death penalty would suffice for his crime. He began to run, and officials of the House, determined to add him to the barred list, ran after him.

All the way to Somerset House, a mile and a half away, the chase was continued. And there the hare dodged his pursuers, leaving the panting hounds nothing to do but go back to the House and report their failure.

These, then, are the types which are "barred the House."

Go back throughout the history of Parliament—and after all it is the mother-house of the world—and you only find three cases of men barred as dangerous, all during the Fenian outrages.

Then think that there are Parliaments in the Balkans with as many as 2,000 and 3,000 possible assassins on their barred lists.

What a commentary it is on the English character.

MICKEY MOUSE: LATEST

The latest news of Mickey Mouse, idol of millions, is that his appearance in his very own paper, *Mickey Mouse Weekly*, next Friday (February 7) is going to be a sensational one.

All the memorable Walt Disney "family" will be on parade—Mickey and Minnie, Clarabelle, Donald Duck, the Three Little Pigs, the Big Bad Wolf and all. *Mickey Mouse Weekly* will have a dozen big sparkling pages. Four in colour.

Why not order *Mickey Mouse Weekly* in advance? The demand for No. 1, twopence only, will be tremendous.

A Personal Message to All Sufferers

ATTACKS OF ASTHMA

One Anestan tablet begins relief in 5-10 Seconds

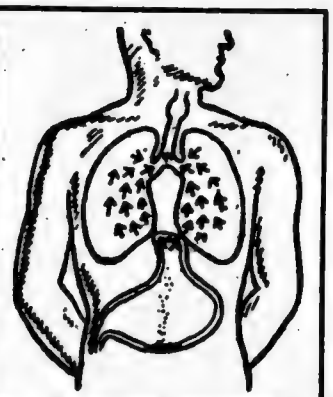
RELIEVED IN TEN MINUTES

YOU can experience this by writing for Free Supply

EVERY sufferer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS who has tried "ANESTAN" knows how quickly the breathing becomes normal again. This is most important because the strains of a developed attack are often more serious than the trouble which caused them. The consequences, in fact, may indeed be fatal! Why then take such a risk when the airlocked lungs can be set free by just ONE tablet of ANESTAN? Relief is immediate, and in ten minutes or less the attack is ended.

ANESTAN ACTS AT ONCE

Drop an Anestan Tablet in a glass half filled with warm water and see the instant release of its curative properties. This is proof positive that the action of Anestan begins at once.



The released medicaments rise and penetrate every air-locked channel of the lungs, giving immediate relief and enabling the patient to breathe easily.

Thousands of former sufferers testify that succeeding doses make the RELIEF PERMANENT. Asthma saps your vitality, but you can regain the joy of renewed health and vigour by taking "ANESTAN" NOW.

All the latest and most up-to-date resources of Medical Science have been compressed into "ANESTAN"—a tablet easy to take and certain of effect in all cases of

Asthma	Gasping for Air
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Assured relief from these health-destroying complaints is quickly felt, and in a few moments the attack is broken and breathing becomes normal. The greater curative value of "Anestan" is expressed by the undeniable evidence in the following testimonials.

GREAT RELIEF AFTER ONE TABLET.

"I received sample of 'Anestan' last Friday and took one tablet as directed, and to my surprise I found that I was greatly relieved in the morning, so I did same again Saturday and Sunday. I am a different man altogether. I bought 2/6 Bottle on Monday and am taking one every night. It is surprising how I can get up and down stairs with ease now as my job is up and down all day long. My workmates are surprised at the change in me."—*A. T. HARRISON, MANOR PARK.*

COMPLETE RELIEF FOR FIRST TIME AT 69 YEARS OF AGE.

"I can only say that after taking the second tablet it was heavenly to experience such relief. I had got to such a state of breathlessness that I could not walk across the room without being completely out of breath. If I went out I had to stand and get my breath every few yards. I was a perfect misery to myself and source of anxiety to all around me. The Tablets have, however, put quite a different complexion on things, and I can get about my normal duties almost as in my youth (I am 69 years). It is the first time I have had complete relief."

AMAZING RELIEF AFTER YEARS OF BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.

"I have suffered for years from Bronchial Asthma and tried all sorts of remedies, consulted many doctors and spent a lot of money trying to get rid of it. Lately I have been so bad I could not walk more than 30 yards without stopping to pant for breath, and going up stairs was a nightmare to me... Last Saturday I bought a 2/6 bottle of Anestan in a sceptical frame of mind, as I had been so often disappointed before. To my amazement half an hour after taking the first dose, I felt immense relief... Now after only six days I feel a new man, can climb three flights of stairs to my office without getting out of breath, and walking has again become a pleasure. My friends are amazed and several have made a note of Anestan for people they know."—*CAPT. L. HEYGATE, HASTINGS.*

PUBLIC WARNING The medicaments in Anestan Tablets are the highest standard of purity, scientifically balanced to produce the most certain and definite therapeutic (curative) reactions on the system. Asthma sufferers are warned, in their own interests, to rigidly avoid all tablets offered as substitutes. Every genuine Anestan tablet is stamped with the word "ANESTAN."

USED AND PRESCRIBED BY DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS THE WORLD OVER.

This means that "Anestan" is genuine, reliable, and successful. "Anestan" gives instant relief, and DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR KIDNEYS.

Testimony of Doctors and Hospitals is not published, because it is against Medical Etiquette and the rules of the Medical Council.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS at 2/6; Double size 4/-; 4 times the size 7/-. The effectiveness of "Anestan" makes it well worth the prices asked. If any difficulty, order direct from the Anestan Co., Dept. B.E.2, 180 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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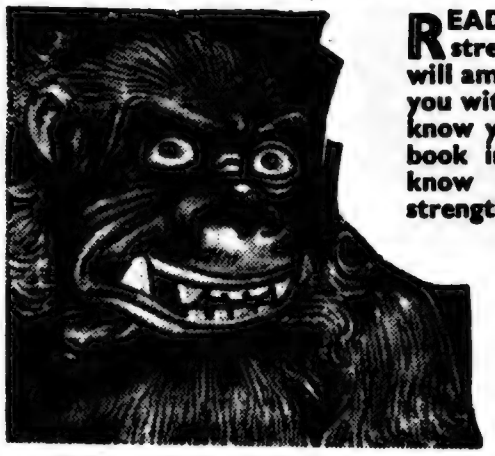
What Gives a GORILLA the STRENGTH of 10 Men?



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This book is the outcome of the requests of hundreds of men and is being offered to men only. In it is the truth about manhood. Why men fail as husbands, the reason why sweethearts quarrel. It proves to the reader that deep down in every man's heart is a desire to be strong, to be well developed, to be admired. There are no half-truths, no "beating about the bush," in it are the plain unvarnished truths. Women want he-men, they always will. This remarkable book will tell you how to quickly transform your body, how to add inches to your chest, broaden your shoulders, develop powerful arms, legs, neck and back. Between its covers is the story of how this truly amazing concentrated system of muscular development was discovered. You can put these principles to work at once and quickly change your body.

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and experience the almost "magical" power of this great Skin-Healer. Thousands of disfigured —yes, and tortured—victims of terrible Skin Diseases have proved the wonder healing power of Germolene!
IF YOU SUFFER FROM

ULCERS BOILS
SORES ITCH
BAD LEG CUTS
ECZEMA SCALDS
BITES SPOTS
RASHES ACNE
CHAPS BURNS
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LICHEN SCRATCHES
IMPETIGO STRAINS
ACCEPT THIS OFFER
PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL. If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!
All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin, Tubes 4/6

RECENTLY JOHN BULL revealed the scandal behind some of the great Disaster funds. The true charity story I'd like told is of the many thousands of small charities, some dating back hundreds of years, with moneys, lands, property left in trust by benefactors in the days of long ago, whose accumulated funds are still intact to-day, swelling year by year.

Why should this be so, when the need for the dispensation of charity is perhaps greater than ever before?

—JOHN BRIDGEMAN,
Bloomsbury, W.C.1.

[*Editor's Note: This is a story* JOHN BULL *will investigate—and tell.*]

Amply Rewarded

How Sir Humphry Davy, sickened by the dreadful character of frequent mine explosions and the widespread desolation occasioned in colliery districts by such disasters, gave his time and labour to the production of that ingenious device which enables him to rank as one of mankind's foremost benefactors.

How, when urged by friends to take out a patent for his invention he steadfastly refused, replying that his sole aim had been to serve the interests of humanity, and adding that he had been amply rewarded by the gratification of success.

That is the true story I should like told. —*N. D., Erdington.*

Worse Fate

The true facts concerning the murder of the Czar. Such a story, separated from the legendary mysticism surrounding the figure of Rasputin, would, I believe, directly trace the tragedy to the reaction of a nation sickened by long years of misrule.

A great lesson would emerge for all modern dictators—namely, the fact that oppression must in the end be overthrown, and the certainty that the tyrant will one day meet a worse fate than his victims.—"*Student,*" *Glos.*

Where Are They?

What about those wonderful angels at Mons? It is not everyone who has the mystic power to see in the unseen, yet these angels were seen by many soldiers.

They appeared just when our troops were met by overwhelming forces, and then the enemy miraculously withdrew. . . . Where are the survivors who could tell us the true story of the Angels at Mons?—*M. L., Malvern.*

Sense of Responsibility

For the encouragement of readers about seventeen years of age, I'd like JOHN BULL to tell the true story of the Vote.

We shall be exercising the franchise next election, and I'm sure we should do the job better if we had a full sense of responsibility based on knowledge of the struggle Lord John Russell, the heroic Chartists, and the thousands of unknown citizens who fought hard and long that we might inherit the right to have a say in the matter of Government.—"*Miss Seventeen,*" *Notts.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Rod And Gun

PROBABLY owing to the dismal record of Grand National favourites, I have had numerous requests for a likely long-shot to beat Golden Miller and Reynoldstown.

The Miller is now quoted at 5 to 1, with Reynoldstown second choice at "nines." Most of my enquirers have raised Rod And Gun into prominence. His chief claim to fame is that he won the N.H. 'Chase at Cheltenham last March.

He is splendidly bred for 'chasing, and backers should obtain 33 to 1 about him.

My week-end selections will be coded.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 30, to Wednesday, February 5.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95QMT94ML would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 9895YBX2 would read WAUKOO.

TRUE STORY I'd like TOLD

Let the truth be told about Dick Turpin. Legend has enshrined this rogue in a halo of romance—romance to which he is not entitled.

He even lacked the virtues of a criminal, for he betrayed his friend.

This common cutpurse should be debunked—especially as he never made what is his principal claim to fame—the ride to York—at all.

The high-toby may have had its heroes, but Turpin wasn't one of them.—W. T., Sydenham.

Interesting and Beautiful

As a father of three, there is one story which I think should be told to every child before it leaves school. The true story of the facts of life concerning life.

My children are reaching the age when they ask questions. My wife and I answer in the best way we can, but we find ourselves answering very awkwardly sometimes.

The best place for this teaching is in school. Children respect their teachers, who, in turn, could make the subject not only interesting, but very beautiful.—"*Embarrassed,*" *Midlands.*

Still Discussed

Many years have passed since the conviction of John Lee for the murder of an old lady in South Devon. In spite of the lapse of time, the case is still often discussed, because of the remarkable way in which the condemned man escaped the gallows.

Three times he stood, pinioned, on the scaffold, but each time some unknown factor prevented the trap-door falling at the executioner's bidding.

Though several explanations have been offered for the cause of the failure of the mechanism, which saved the man's life, many would welcome the true story of John Lee.—*G. T. W., Bude.*

Starvation Wages

I would like the public to know the real truth about the privations so bravely endured by those whose lot it is to "crawl about like snails in the mud" that we may get coal.

If the public knew of the painful discomfort and ever-present dangers of the miner's task, it would speedily realise that colliers are the most cruelly exploited workers in the land.

The idea of giving starvation wages to these heroes of industry would become odious to all right-thinking men and women.—"*Justice,*" *Glasgow.*

What Happened?

My grandfather, a grizzled old skipper, made our boyish eyes stare with wonder as he told us the tale of the *Mary Celeste*, riding spick-and-span with not a soul on board.

There was a tiny garment in the ship's sewing-machine, a full kettle on a dead fire; a child's sum half-finished on a sheet of paper.

What happened? Did the shipmail give way as all on board watched some sea monster? Did some fish-leviathan get on board to create panic? Or perhaps it was mutiny?

Nearly seventy years have passed since it happened. I'm sure every reader would delight to hear the mystifying story retold.—*A. S., Lancs.*

It Would Be Fairer

The one lying behind the trial of the British engineers in Russia. It seems incredible that decent Englishmen would attempt to wreck machinery which was erected and worked under their supervision.

It seems still more incredible that one should admit the heinous offence with which they were charged, thus weighing the balance against his comrades. The whole affair is shrouded in mystery, as details of the alleged sabotage were not disclosed, while the subsequent "climb down" of the Russian Government intensified the mystery.

Would it not be fairer to the men concerned, to Russia, and to ourselves if the veil were lifted?—"*Puzzled,*" *Kingsmead.*

Public Outcry

The true story of the Dartmoor mutiny is one which would be bound to interest readers. Even assuming that the convicts assembled in this desolate penitentiary were of the lowest and most brutal type, it seems hard to believe that they would have resorted to desperate acts of mutiny and arson in the face of warders' rifles, without some grave underlying reason.

This hidden motive would, if revealed, probably disclose many startling facts, and possibly result in a public outcry demanding the closing of a prison which, in the opinion of many competent observers, should have long ago been abolished.—*P. M., Raynes Park.*

Ludicrous

"Fire! How do you fare?" I would like these words to head a JOHN BULL article, written by a special investigator.

In many places fire-fighting arrangements are ludicrous. We want the truth as to how we should stand if fire broke out.

Recently, a mother and her eight children perished in a fire, and at the inquest it was revealed that trouble had arisen many times before with the water!

Let us have a thorough "clean up" through JOHN BULL; make a bonfire of all obsolete appliances. This is the true story I want told, and then, perhaps, we shall have fewer fire tragedies.—*G. W. D., Bridgend.*

Humanity Owes Much

The tragedy of Henry Winstanley, architect and pioneer of lighthouse construction, who after a perilous struggle against sea and wind finally succeeded in erecting a beacon upon the treacherous Eddystone reef.

The story of how he and a small band of workers, while engaged on repairs to the sea-ravaged edifice, were overtaken on the night of November 20, 1703, by a terrific storm which, by the dawn, had obliterated all traces of workmen, architect and lighthouse.

To Henry Winstanley's self-sacrifice humanity is greatly indebted.—"*Fire Rings,*" *Bristol.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, February 4.

My Happiest Memory of the New King

Pack your children off each morning
With this wise and simple warning

Go — suck a

ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce lesse.

KOMPO FOR COLDS

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

£2·10

COMMISSION ON A 20 WEEK 1/- A WEEK CLUB ALSO

£1 FREE GIFT

AND A FREE GIFT FOR EVERY MEMBER

Become an organiser for the Club in which you can have confidence. Big money earned for a few minutes a week in your spare time. We say the "B.B.B." Club pays the highest commission—here is our proof—we say 25% to 33½% higher commission than that offered by most Club firms.

You can prove it by comparison. In addition, we give you a free gift of £1 worth of goods immediately your Club is formed, also a free gift to every one of your members.

"B.B.B." Organisers can guarantee their members highest satisfaction—goods of the highest quality—and lowest prices.

Send p.c. to-day for details of amazing commission, free gift offers, and handsome 250-page catalogue, containing 2,000 bargains illustrated in colours.

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BRITAINS BEST BARGAIN CLUB

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. F.13) Cannel Street, MANCHESTER

DRINK THIS "TEA" FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM GOUT, SCIATICA & NEURITIS

Having been a sufferer with Neuritis in the knees for three years, I decided to try your Hervea. On Sunday the 9th I started taking the remedy, and before the end of the week I had nearly lost all pain. I was going to write to you the first week, but I thought I had better wait, so now, after three weeks, I can let you know that I am practically free from pain. I am a Commissionaire at a Cinema, and live some distance away. What used to take me three-quarters of an hour to walk I can do now quite comfortably in 20 min.—H.F.H.

Grangetown, Cardiff.

Something New and You feel the benefit almost at once!

Read this and act on what you are here told; it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you **try at no cost** a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea" and drink once or twice a day! The remedy is agreeable and effective, and you **"feel the benefit almost at once"**—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters.

For example, a well-known Scottish Peeress, Lady E.—, recently wrote me: *"People have been so struck with the marked change in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more."*

I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men, and Persons in all ranks of life. Now—read this special offer.

FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

You need **Risk no Money** to prove for yourself the **Genuineness** of this remedy, and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Hervea free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The **secret** of the virtue of this plant is that it expels Uric Acid from the system, and also **Prevents Further Acid Deposits** accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they often fail in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica or Neuritis."

FREE PACKET

Address:—

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 644a), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1.

SIGN FOR SAFETY TO-DAY

Fill in the forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Protection for you and yours against common everyday perils—a safeguard for your precious possessions, against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest—generous sickness benefit—"John Bull's" Gift of Security is *unique* and *unparalleled*. Sign NOW.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/2/36

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/2/36

CUT HERE

RESULT OF "APT-WORDS" No. 8

FIRST PRIZE £500.

L. L. HASSON, Hollingworth Lake, Littleborough, Lancs.
Example: Dulled
Apt-word: Look-out, Lock-out.

SECOND PRIZE £50.

F. D. HERRALLS, Lynchmere Green, Haslemere.
Example: Dora
Apt-word: "Don't" Adorer.

THIRD PRIZE £25.

J. H. COLE, Uppincott, Glynn Road, Padstow.
Example: Glass
Apt-word: "Lengthened" Sea-serpent.

50 PRIZES OF £1 each.

A. T. ACKLAND, 111, Willingdon Road, Wood Green, N.
Hell—"Heated" Evangelist.

L. ASH, 21, Inverleith Place, Edinburgh.
Dolt—"Dumb"—Talkative.

Mrs. C. V. BORRIE, 5, Highmore Road, Blackheath, S.E.
Pally—Politicians, Lawyers.

A. C. BUTLER, "Puckaster," Fraley Road, Bristol.
Scatters—Romeos, "Agrie!"

A. CLEGG, 240, Cateswell Road, Birmingham.
Dope—Occasionally—Perpetually.

A. A. CROOK, Ballykinler Camp, Nr. Belfast.
Makes—Men, Acumen.

J. DENNISON, 26, Teviotdale Place, Edinburgh.
Glass—Slippery "Steadier."

Mrs. B. J. GARRETT, 143, Park Lane, Carshalton, Surrey.
Dora—Dictator's "Affinity."

J. A. HAMILTON, 66, Hathaway Street, Glasgow.
Pasts—"Pillories"—"Shrines."

G. HARRISON, 46, Hermitage Road, Bridlington.
Parts—Pa's Radio.

F. A. HUBBARD, 6, Brunswick Road, Ealing, W
Watts—Transformed Transport.

J. JOWETT, 10, St. John Street, Manchester.
Killed—Enthusiasm, "Discharge."

Mrs. M. MAWDSLEY, 34, Burnley Road, Bacup.
Wants—Work, Stork.

T. C. PATTERSON, 3, Manor Road, W. Stanley, Co. Durham.
Wants—Alter "Won'ts."

J. PESCOD, 16, Seafield Terrace, South Shields.
Novice—Italy, "Cricket."

W. ROBERTSON, Hope House, Amble, Morpeth.
Palled—Eleventh Pantomime!

W. SMITH, 391, Thornton Road, Croydon.
Called—"Civilisation," Exploitation.

F. SOLMAN, 169, Fore Street, Exeter.
Wafts—Fears, "Windy."

J. C. WHITE, 61, Station Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
Makes—Aviary, Scarecrow!

Mrs. L. WICKHAM, 6, Letcombe Regis, Wantage.
Shatters—Artlessness, Heartlessness.

A list of other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

The £100 Bonus offered in "Apt-words" No. 5 has been divided between S. Day, King's Norton, Birmingham; Miss A. Eccles, Heath Charnock; E. C. Nicholls, Whitchurch; Mrs. M. Wellens, Oldham.

---

from **Brownish Blond**

to **Natural**

Light Blond

Brownish and Mousy-Coloured Hair becomes 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

In one shampoo—safely without injurious dyes or bleaches—not even Camomile or Henna.

Natural light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown and mousy blondes. Bring back that beautiful natural blond colour of childhood to your hair with STA·BLOND, the special blond hair shampoo treatment. A new secret formula that has the advantages of both—soapless and all-soap products—without the disadvantages of either. Makes the permanent wave last longer. Excellent for children. If you find it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used ask for your money back. Be sure and buy today.

STA·BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

If you have a COUGH
You haven't tried

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND
2/6
MUSTARD OINTMENT

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is simply marvellous for coughs. It immediately relieves the tickling and tightness in the throat. It's the unique "deep healing" of this clean, stainless ointment which makes it so wonderfully effective. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6 but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used," says a Tottenham, N., user, "and I would not be without a jar of it in the house. The least cold or pain I get I rub it gently in, and it soothes the pain and coughing at once."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LIMITED, 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

HUGE INCREASE IN CASH OFFER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" 'DIAGON' CROSSWORD

3

PENSION AND FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE

£30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,000

This week only

£500 RECORD

ONE-WEEK PRIZE BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

CLOSING NOON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1936

"John Bull's" New "Diagon" Crossword—Terms and Conditions

PRESENTED on this page is the third of "John Bull's" new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: –

The Editor of "John Bull."

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in "John Bull" published Thursday, February 20th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition.

(Patent applied for.)

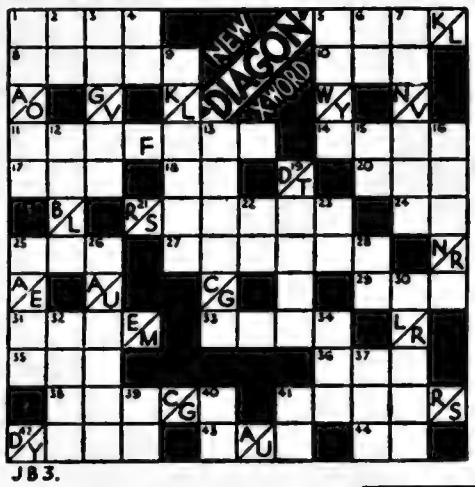
THIS NEW COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

FREE HELP WEEKLY

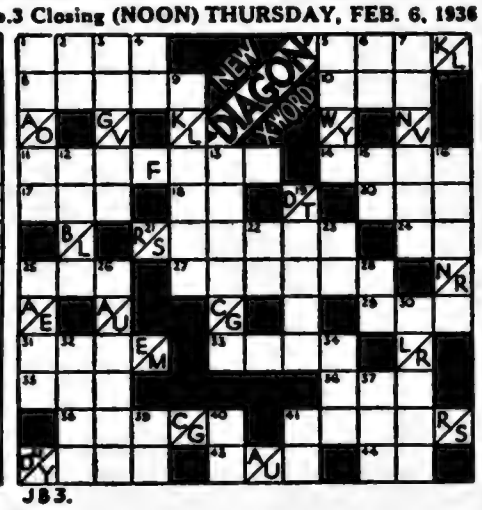
Why not receive the free weekly help with your Crossword entries which appears in the *Crossword Gazette* each Thursday?

Use coupon on "Bullets" page to register if you are not already receiving "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, once again accompanied by the *Crossword Gazette*.

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No.3 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1936



JB3.



JB3.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

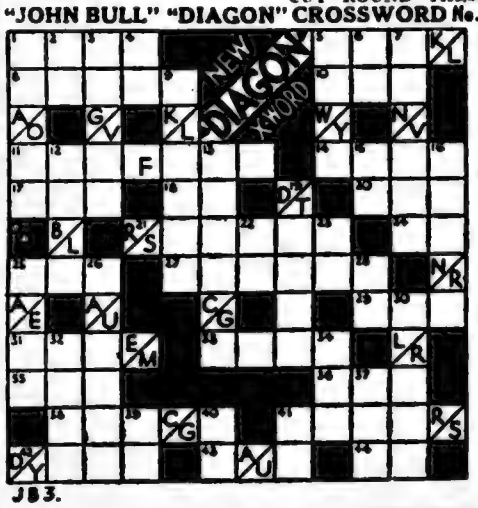
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

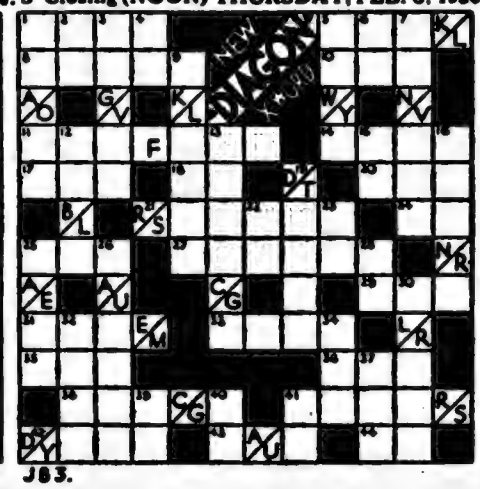
.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 3 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1936



JB3.



JB3.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 3, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Seen in pig-stics
5. If you're afraid of this, running may help you
8. What fool does before looking
10. Yes, in French
11. Introduction to a book
14. Are used in winter sports
17. Ship's call for help
18. Thunder begins with
20. Tiny insect in decanter
21. There doesn't seem to be any particular one for bad weather
24. Green light tells motorist to do this
25. Debutante contracted in debt
27. Countryside is white when it has this
29. New one pleases child for a time
31. Employees suffer in a bad one
33. Where sun rises
35. Hill in centre of storm
36. Two are made one when they're this
38. Unexpected one may startle nervous pedestrian in dark street
41. What smuggler looks for when landing contraband
42. Comes at end of all-night job
43. What gossip's victim gets
44. End of Kaiser in Germany

DOWN

1. Are often unwisely given to children
2. Middle of toes
3. Prosperity comes in these
4. How sport begins
5. They are far from stern as a rule
6. Usually without the girl's name
7. Reliable one is the better
9. A fall when on these is dangerous
12. Actress needs to be clever to manage a mid-Victorian one
13. This comes to almost every man
15. Part of pickaninny in Alaska
16. Don't be gulled by a beggar who's this
19. Beauty of many of these is spoilt by bad builders
22. Half sofa that is half sold
23. Cut nine in two and leave nearly one
25. Man must be this to pick a policeman's pocket
26. Is revealed by thrown-up earth
28. Remove us from dust
30. Traveller gets each day
32. Greek letter—also meaning very small quantity
34. It takes this number to make a quarrel
37. First woman
39. Understanding begins in blunder
40. Remove part of eel from helm
41. Come third and fourth in alphabet

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Read these Rules carefully

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 6.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from JOHN BULL each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus, each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 Squares in all, and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 20. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 25, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £500. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

REMEMBER—
If your puzzle square contains a diagonally divided space where **neither** letter has been struck out, it is automatically disqualified.

"APT-WORDS" COMPETITION

The result of the 8th and final *Apt-words* Competition appears on page 39.

Our "Diagon" Crossword Competition has now taken the place of the *Apt-words* Competition.

COPY SQUARES ON PAGE 42

W. H. (Crewe).—"One of the keenest football followers I know is my nephew." Over the garden fence?

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

SAMMY (Ancoats).—"When walking about our slum streets, what do we see at every turn?" A corner.

GARDENER (Rayleigh).—"What is the first thing to grasp in gardening?" A good strong spade.

P. D. (Ilkley).—"My doctor tells me that rheumatism costs the country thousands of pounds a year." That's a stiff bill!

ORGANISER (Carlisle).—"I had the floor well waxed before the social, which was a great success." Everything went smoothly?

M. N. (Grove Park).—"A baker to whom I was apprenticed always carefully counted the loaves when he arrived at the shop in the mornings." Roll call?

R. P. A. (Hawick).—"I pay my rent regularly on the last day of every month, although I am only a poor watchmaker." You wind up well.

GEORGE (Bournemouth).—"Because I was using a short cue, I couldn't score much in my billiards match." You made a long game of it then.

READER (Macclesfield).—"I have read that in the Stone Age people used to pool their resources." Clubbed together, in fact.

B. N. (Elstree).—"Kinema audiences do not realise how much work and anxiety just one scene entails." They prefer to be in the dark?

S. M. (Wick).—"The wind always blows here." That's what it does everywhere else.

G. S. (Retford).—"What makes so many people give up keeping a diary after the first few days?" Blank despair.

HOUSEWIFE (Ayr).—"What is the best thing for polishing floors?" A little wax added to a large duster, a kneeling pad and a husband.

P. D. (Leeds).—"Though I've always been a bus conductor, my friends say I know enough about the law to be a solicitor." What do you specialise in—conveyances?

B. T. (Lincoln).—"My neighbour is a terrible bore, and will keep telling me about his rescue from a lake while skating." It would seem that the ice could not bear him, either.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"A safe-handle which grips the burglar's wrist until the police arrive was the brightest invention of 1935." There's no getting away from it!

ODD-JOBS (Uckfield).—"I find that the best way to prevent nails turning colour is to give them a coat of oil before hammering them in." Our method is to let somebody else do the hammering.

A. S. (Manchester).—"Although I've charked my nephew with stealing a new foot-rule I've invented, he dares me to take police-court proceedings." So he has got your measure!

MRS. L. H. (Stanmore).—"There was such a huge person sitting in front of me that I couldn't get a glimpse of the show, and other people's merriment made me feel mad." You could see nothing to laugh at!

QUARRYMAN (Portland).—"I was so busy that I didn't notice that my belt had caught in the chains until the crane man started his engine and I was jerked into the air." You were taken up with your work.

TOM (Ewell).—"Three years ago I opened a shop, but after three years of hand-to-mouth existence decided to move into the next street. Since then everything has been much better." So prosperity was just around the corner!

FOOTBALL FAN (Chester).—"I think it would save a lot of nasty accidents if goal-posts were made of rubber." But think how easy it would be for an unscrupulous goalkeeper to hang on the bar and let a low shot go over the top!

N. K. (Plymouth).—"I believe I am right when I state that if there is any housekeeping money left over, it belongs to the husband." And we believe we are right when we state that he doesn't get it.

H. J. (Eastern Counties).—"Some of my road-menders have been requested to carry out a dangerous job in an important thoroughfare, and I am wondering whether I shall be asked." You'll probably be roped in.

H. C. (St. Neots).—"After several months away from home, it made my mouth water when I saw the jars of pickled onions my wife had made." Not half so much as they had made her eyes.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

PHYLLIS (Cornwall).—"There is always a lull before a storm." This is sometimes known as the honeymoon.

MRS. B. (Purfleet).—"My husband is always taking matches from the kitchen." We've got a cigarette-lighter like that.

BUILDING DEMOLISHER (Glasgow).—"Do you know how a tall factory chimney falls?" Yes—downwards.

T. S. (Falmouth).—"Can I make money by retailing birds?" No, they grow their own.

E. T. (Esher).—"After a long chase, I found the young thief on the roof of my chicken house." You caught him on the run.

D. F. (Linlithgow).—"A statue is to be erected in America to a manufacturer of puncture repair outfits." Why not just a bust?

HOUSEWIFE (Kirkcaldy).—"My grocer recently sent me a dozen eggs which were very tiny and anything but fresh." Well, it's lucky they were very tiny.

FOOTBALL PROPHET (Preston).—"I can tell before the game begins just where the teams will be at half-time." So can we; in the pavilion.

GOLFER (Ramsgate).—"When in South Africa last year I played golf in a swimming costume and returned a card of seventy-one." You couldn't have gone round in much less.

BILL (Newcastle).—"I took her to the kinema, but in the middle of the show she left me without explanation and I have not seen her since." She left you completely in the dark?

S. M. (Barnes).—"Skating is the nearest approach to flying." The beginner on the ice is forcibly struck by this resemblance to aviation when he has just completed his first nose-dive.

SCHOOLBOY (Westminster).—"I was the only boy in my class who gave a correct answer to the master's question, which was: Do you know what King burned the cakes?" You said "No"?

MRS. B. (West Ham).—"When I told the maid not to be so careless with the crockery, she said she couldn't alter her ways." The only thing she couldn't break was her habit.

SYDNEY (Willesden).—"As starter for a racecourse, I have many curious experiences. The other day, for instance, a jockey came up to me and argued the point just as I was about to start a race." Naturally you told him to be off.

J. H. (Harpenden).—"I came home very late, but my wife didn't seem a bit curious." Curious!

MAGNATE (E.C.).—"No man can fail to succeed who sticks to his post." What about a postman?

O. G. (Hunstanton).—"The huge magnet was the cynosure of all eyes." An enormous attraction, in other words.

GEORGE (Bromley).—"I have been turned down by three girls in succession." Be careful, your luck may change.

CRITIC (London).—"All Dickens's characters are overdrawn." That just shows how true to life they were.

M. H. (Chelsea).—"As a stage villain, I get only four pounds a week." So now you realise what the wages of sin are?

REPORTER (Fleet Street).—"I always sharpen my pencil before I get my notebook out." You make a point of it?

A. C. (Sheffield).—"I know an electric bell maker whose car is making him absolutely furious." Has it developed a knock?

S. C. (Taunton).—"The particulars I have furnished must be regarded as confidential affairs of State." What a state of affairs!

C. N. (Goole).—"I like to have something I can slip on quickly these cold, frosty mornings." Well, you won't better a piece of ice.

JOHN C. (Wembley).—"A month ago a neighbour said he would let me know when I could borrow his dictionary, but I haven't seen him since." So you've had no word from him?

JOHN (Edinburgh).—"Will I be able to pay for an operation if the specialist finds one is necessary?" Will the specialist find one is necessary if you cannot pay for it?

ROLLING STONE (Greenwich).—"My last job was with a building contractor, but I couldn't stand the strain of heaving the bricks up to my mate." So in the end you threw the job up, too?

VEGETARIAN (Penge).—"I have frequently noticed how very seldom men of our persuasion allow themselves to be drawn into a quarrel." You mean that you don't like picking a bone with anyone.

K. N. T. (Lewisham).—"How often do triplets occur in 1,000 births?" Sorry, but tame statistician has gone to his grandmother's funeral. Still, we can tell you something interesting about "Quads" if you turn to page 43.

F. E. (Barnes).—"It has been discovered that ice applied to the back is a great beautifier." A waiter who spills a strawberry and vanilla concoction down a lady's neck should point this out to her immediately.

MOTORIST (Hoddesdon).—"My brakes gave out and as the car was in free-wheel I had absolutely no means of retarding its increasing speed. You will never know what I went through." Was it the windscreen?

TRAVELLER (Putney).—"Rocky crags, bottomless lakes and tangled mountain ranges are features of the interior of Abyssinia." Very like, in fact, a new housing estate on a dark, wet evening when the road is being made up at last.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"... she would often visit the Yorkshire Home for INSURABLES."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"The Emperor is not in the MOON to make an unsolicited peace offer."

WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES:—"... had been suffering from an ETERNAL complaint for many months."

ALL SAINTS' PARISH MAGAZINE, MAIDSTONE:—"The beginning of a new Christian year, when we ought to be prepared to make a fresh start in our Christian LIES."

SURREY HERALD:—"The remainder of the property includes a lodge, three COTTAGERS, chauffeur's flat ..."

EAST SUSSEX NEWS:—"The peculiar formation of the ground is a great handicap to visiting teams, and this was a decided factor in the defeat of the WINNERS."

ISLE OF MAN WEEKLY TIMES:—"Entries invited for all Marts of all classes of LOVE and Dead Stock."

Rub Colds away
WITH
Mistol Rub

Mistol Rub quickly relieves chest colds. Its new scientific base permits the soothing medicaments to get to work immediately — loosening up chest congestion, making breathing easier, and healing inflamed membranes. Harmless and clean to use, Mistol Rub is ideal for children.

IN TWO SIZES, 1/- and 1/9.

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE, USE **Mistol Drops**

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

FREE SEVEN DAY TUBE OF CORO-SHAVE
—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 37A), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 4-99

ENGINEERS! LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE AT YOUR FINGER TIPS!

Do not let a first-class post slip through your fingers for the sake of a few letters after your name. Whatever your experience, age or education, you should send to-day for "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This free 256-page Handbook shows the easiest way of preparing for the A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.W.T., Exams., G.P.O., etc., exams. The book also gives details of courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Radio, Television, and "Talkie" Engineering, Building, Govt. Employment, etc., and explains the unique advantages of our Appointments Department. Send for the valuable Handbook to-day—FREE and post free.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 17/19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

Tackle that irritating throat 'tickle' with Allenburys Pastilles. They keep the throat sweet and moist and the voice resonant and clear

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8°& 1/3

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Reduce *YOUR* High

BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW. (Prescription No. 1166/T)** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (No. J.B. 200). Free on request.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, fill in your name and address in the coupon on page 29 and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. A generous sample bottle of Wincarnis will be sent to you, FREE! Commence taking Wincarnis now and get back your old vigour quickly and surely! Start the first step by turning at once to page 29 and send the Coupon!

Try This New BEAUTY TRICK

Try this simple plan to-day. It never fails. It will give you a fascinating girlish complexion that will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Carefully smooth all over your face and neck, Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Then lightly dust over with face powder—for preference Tokalon 'Matt Finish' Powder which is specially made for use with it. The transformation you see in your mirror will astonish you. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood spreads like an invisible film of beauty over the face, giving a smooth loveliness—makes powder spread evenly, prevents all 'caking' or patchiness. Makes the powder stay on four times as long. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil with marvellous tonic and whitening ingredients. These dissolve away blackheads; tighten up enlarged pores; whiten and soften the darkest, roughest skin. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood: 6d. and 1/-.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 D), Chase Rd. London, N.W.10

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

NOW HE *can keep his* PROMISE *to her . . .*

They'll soon have a house of their own

WHEN a golden envelope arrived one recent Friday afternoon for a Lancashire "Bulleteer" he could not feel *quite* sure of its contents.

"I can't deny that my hand shook a little whilst opening the telegram," admitted this competitor, Mr. R. H. Whalley, 14, Chatburn Road, Clitheroe, when I called with congratulations, writes a JOHN BULL representative.

Imagine what it meant to this young married man, working for the modest wage of a grocer's assistant, suddenly to learn that for a few words he had won £600 and a daily gift for life. "Now," he told me delightedly, "I can at last keep the promise I made to my wife when we were married. I shall set about getting a house of our own."

A believer in homely *Bullets*, Mr. Whalley showed neatly his own wisdom when he made up his telling effort, WISER WORLD — FEWER "BRUSHES" — MORE SHOVELS. Method in tackling *Bullets* is a passion with this competitor. And he had some clear and definite advice for other entrants who seek to follow him to the top of the prize ladder.

"If you want to win," he declared, "faith in the adjudicators and the Competition is the most important thing of all. The next is becoming '*Bullets* minded' by studying every list of winners and every line of *Bullets Bulletin*."

* * *

To mark his words and begin on *Bullets* at once would be wise if the prizes of the moment were of no more than normal attraction. But this single week's offer brings you *four* separate opportunities of securing a First Prize, and such a widening of your prospects of success stands alone in the history of our Competition.

Get down to your efforts this evening or over the coming week-end and our offer of "*Bullets* Quads" may well bring you one of those four First Prize telegrams which we shall send off on Friday, February 21.

OVER £1,936 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

First Prize, £1,000, Competition No. 1,013:
J. L. GARLAND, 23, Old Dover Road, Blackheath, S.E.
Example: THE WORLD AWAITS
Bullet: BIG LEAD—BID, LEAGUE!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Example: Black Areas
Bullet: Working *Overtime*, Sonny's Ears!

THIRD PRIZE, £50:

E. THOMPSON, 3, Lumley Street, Leftus, Yorks.
Example: Dizzy
Bullet: "Heights," On *Own* Doorstep.

OTHER PRIZES:

£25: R. C. WARE, 104, Hayes Lane, Bromley, Kent.
End Of The Road—Mist Dissolved—Mystery Solved.

£20: Miss R. A. CLARK, 13, Kirk Street, Leith.
Law Of The Land—Foiled Roosevelt—Failed Lindbergh.

£15: J. WADDELL c/o Simpson, 3, McLeod Street, Greenock
He Daren't—"Lean Back"—Stool's "Shaky."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: L. R. EDWARDS, 58, Hall Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.
End Of The Road—*One* Smooth "Stone," Anyway.

£9: L. S. HUSSEY, 40, The Avenue, Tottenham, N.
Life's Ups And Downs—Often "Dislodge" Cupid's Arrow.

£8: A. L. AUDEN, 197, Watford Way, Hendon, London, N.W.
The World Awaits—Your Pleasure? Your *Work!*
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£7: E. HODGSON, 128, Harlow Road, Lidget Green, Bradford, Yorks.
End Of The Road—"Crossing" Studded With Stars.

£6: W. QUINNEY, 71, Disraeli Road, Putney, London, S.W.
Made Her Sigh—Faint Didn't Hearten Faint-heart.

10 OF £5 EACH:

C. EARLEY, Rimpton, Yeovil, Somerset.
In The Villain's Clutches—Collecting Box—"Strangling" Charity.

L. C. ECCLES, 12, La Gendre Street, Bolton.
Between Them—Remnant Shared—As Bandages!

J. A. NASH, Sudbourne, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
Between Them — "Mountain" — Something "Dug Up."

E. NEWTON, 68, Shaftesbury Avenue, Bristol.
The World Awaits—Better Luck, Worse Luck!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
In Spite Of Father—Liking Pints, Likeable Points.

P. POPE, 4, Seymour Avenue, Newquay.
Broken Toy—Doctor "Mended" *That* First.

G. STRICKLAND, 131, Toronto Road, Portsmouth.
He's A Veteran, So—Respect Experience—Expect Experiences!

A. WARDELL, 200, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.
Made Her Sigh—Neighbour's Clothes-line—She'd "String."

J. WHITWORTH, 1,142, Chester Road, Manchester.
The World Awaits—"Explosion"—Nations "Laying Charges."

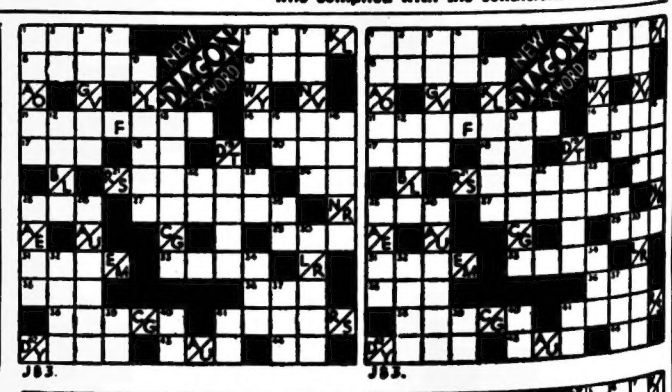
W. WILKINSON, 19, Temple Gardens, Consett, Co. Durham
He Daren't—"Lose Hair"—He's "Doormat."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 25 £1, 100 10s., and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." £30 will be divided between winners of £1 and over who compiled with the conditions of this contest.

X-WORD COPY SQUARES

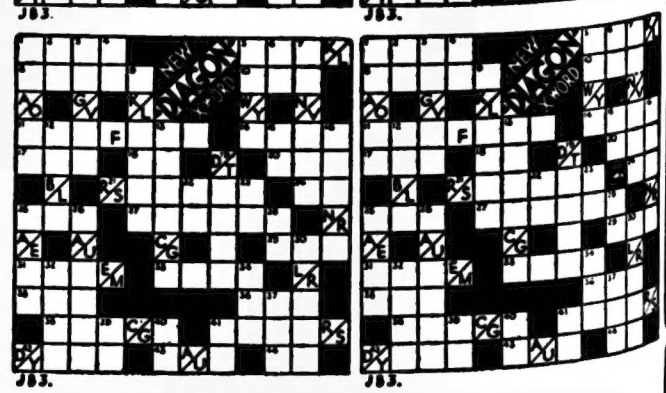
Entrants in our Crossword Competition should keep copies of their entry on these miniature squares.

PUZZLE on Page 40



NEWSAGENT'S X-WORD PRIZE

A special prize of £3 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom "Diagon" Crossword No. 3 First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided be[illegible] Sharers' News-



HAPPY EVENT FOR 'BULLETEERS'
FIRST PRIZE No.1
£250
FIRST PRIZE No.2
£250
FIRST PRIZE No.3
£250
FIRST PRIZE No.4
£250
HERE ARE THE 'BULLETS QUADS'—FOUR FIRST PRIZES IN ONE WEEK!
10,569 OTHER PRIZES
£50 £40 £30 £20
5 OF £5 | 10 OF £2.10 | 50 OF 10/-
500 of 2/6 | 2,000 "RED SEALS" | 8,000 "TARGETS"

OVER £1,275 CASH MUST BE WON —ONE WEEK ONLY TO ENTER!

TWO, three or four words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to one of the *Examples* provided—that is all you need produce to capture a *Bullets* First Prize. And in this week's novel big offer you have four separate opportunities of receiving a thrilling First Prize telegram from Long Acre!

Yes—not one, but *four* First Prizes must be won outright and there is no reason why one of those bouncing "*Bullets* Quads," as we have called them, should not be your reward for arranging a few simple words in neat and telling fashion.

During the coming week-end, spend half an hour with the *Examples* provided on this page. Then, on Friday, February 21, a golden Joy Wire may well be flashed to your address, bringing JOHN BULL's congratulations on a £250 Happy Event.

Altogether, there is the huge total of 10,573 prizes waiting to be won, but you must hurry with your entry if you want to be amongst the winners.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the list of *Examples* and jot down all the rough ideas suggested by any of them

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the chosen *Example* and convey some pointed comment. So your next step is to polish and compress your rough jottings accordingly. For instance, your rough note on the *Example* FEELING A MARTYR, might be *Father Giving Up Betting*. You could easily shape that idea into the completed *Bullet*, FEELING A MARTYR — FATHER, FORGOING WEEKLY "STAKE"!

Before actually beginning on your own efforts, get a flying start on *Bullets* by studying this week's list of winners on the previous page.

Notice how each of these *Bullets* conveys a wealth of meaning with an economy of words. Any of them could have come from your pen, so why shouldn't your name appear as winner of a £250 "*Bullets* Quad"? It all depends on the care you take over those *Bullets* you get to Long Acre by Saturday, February 8.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

AGE OF SPEED
PROMPT PAYMENT
SENSATION AT DOWNING STREET
WHEN THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED
MOVING IN
SHE SAID "NO!" BUT
PEACE AND QUIET
MAN WITH IDEAS
FADED MEMORY
HARSHLY TREATED
FATHER'S SOLO
NO USE PRETENDING
ALL EYES
WHEN AUNTIE PROPOSED
HARD TO SAVE
SAID THE VICAR
BULGING
SONNY'S GROWING, SO
"COME ALONG WITH ME!"
WIDE OF THE MARK
PROMOTED
TRYING IT ON
LIKE A FAIRY-TALE
IN RAGS
ENTHUSIASM
SEEMS ODD
BLOWN UP
BEATEN
SECOND THOUGHTS
WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN
FEELING A MARTYR
BEST TEST
FOR THE SAKE OF THE REST
VILLAGE BAND
FEELING THE STRAIN
ONE WAY OUT

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,012 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Rigby, Waterloo Road, Clitheroe, Lancs.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £2 each will be paid to the newsagents from whom the four winners of "Bullets Quads" usually purchase "John Bull."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND ROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you want to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

MIGHTY "QUEEN MARY" "BULLETS" OFFER COMING.—Historic prize-list for Competition No. 1,019 will include prizes of £2,000, £500 and £300, each with two tickets to New York and back on maiden voyage of s.s. "Queen Mary" and £50 extra pocket-money.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,017) Closing SAT., Feb. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,017) Closing SAT., Feb. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,017) Closing SAT., Feb. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,017) Closing SAT., Feb. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,017) Closing SAT., Feb. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,017, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be Doge Cream will make it perfect. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naida. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.

SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses anything else for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

BARBARA: That's wonderful, I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - - 1/-

Large Pot - 2/-

Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING NO BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING

which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave! Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles, and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Blade of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

WIFE: Good heavens, Jack! How late you are—we will be too late for the dinner and Theatre—and you have to shave, too.

JACK: Don't worry, dear, I will be dressed in fifteen minutes. I use Shavex, and one shave in the morning lasts me until next day and my face feels as smooth and fresh as a daisy. Well, so long, dear, we won't be late—thanks to Shavex.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 TUBES & 1/6 POTS

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. Stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N. 19

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

JACK: You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one that thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you.

NEDA: You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d. and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 314), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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